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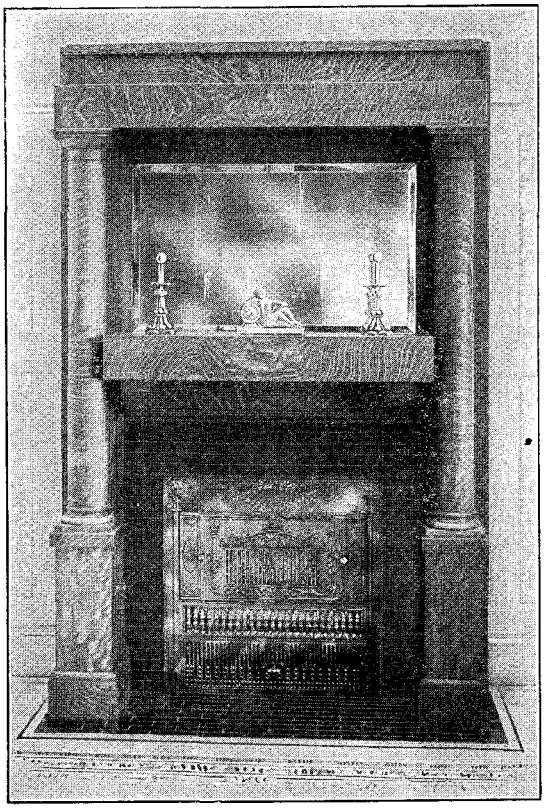

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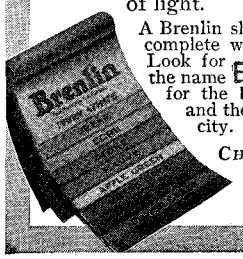

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The Outlook

MAY 14, 1910

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SECRETARY BALLINGER DEFENDS HIMSELF

For the greater part of three days last week the Congressional Committee investigating the Interior Department and the Forest Service listened to Secretary Ballinger testify under direct examination in his own behalf. Beginning on April 29, Mr. Ballinger answered the questions of his counsel and the Committee, and set forth his version of the matters that have been presented before the Committee ever since it began its sessions early in the year. He told of his achievements as a judge in compiling the code of the State of Washington, of his achievements as Mayor of Seattle, which he declared was, under his administion, put into a decent and orderly condition, and of his reluctant acceptance, after being urged by Senator Piles, Secretary Garfield, and President Roosevelt, of the position of Commissioner of the General Land Office. He introduced letters to show the confidence and approval of President Roosevelt in him. He recounted the programme of reforms which he proposed. These included a plan to separate the right to mine from title in the soil, so as to prevent coal lands from falling into the hands of speculators, and changes in the land laws to prevent monopolization by fraud or cunning. Early in his testimony he presented his version of the case of the Cunningham coal claims. Mr. Ballinger several times emphatically denied statements made by Mr. H. T. Jones, a special agent, and Mr. Glavis, a former official in the Land Office, who protested to the President over Mr. Ballinger's head and was discharged for bringing charges on mere suspicion. He declared that conversations which Mr. Glavis and Mr. Jones had testified to never took place. Several times he accused Mr. Glavis of deliberate and malicious lying. Indeed, he did not conceal his anger at what he called attempts to besmirch his character. On a report furnished by an agent named Love, these claims were "clear-listed" for entry—that is, they were removed from the division that was investigating them in the field—on Mr. Ballinger's orders. He declared that he would do this again on the same record that was before him then. He regarded that record as favorable. Mr. Glavis was notified, and telegraphed that they should not be clear-listed and that he was writing. So Mr. Ballinger took the papers out of the course toward being patented. He said that he thought these claims were the only ones pending while he was Commissioner. He said, however, that he did not know at the time who were in this group. After that Mr. Glavis had the investigation of these claims in charge. Mr. Ballinger said that throughout Mr. Glavis "was never hampered, but was pampered." Just before his retirement as Commissioner Mr. Ballinger appeared at a hearing of a Committee of Congress and advocated a coal bill called the Cale Bill. In telling of this hearing, Mr. Ballinger denied that, as has been asserted, this bill would have benefited these claimants. A sentence in the report of that hearing which seems to record him as saying that this bill might validate entries not made in good faith he said contained an error which was not corrected by the subordinate who revised it for him. After ceasing to be Commissioner he helped several claimants to present their claims before officials. Among the claimants he thus aided were the Cunningham claimants, for whom he prepared an affidavit which

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he presented to Mr. Garfield and from whom he received a fee of $200 or $250, which, as he understood, was simply for traveling expenses. He denied Mr. Glavis's statements about political contributions. The other claims he urged in letters to his former subordinate and successor, Mr. Dennett, as a matter of accommodation. He understood that the law which forbade any person to act as agent in any case of a claim against the Government within two years of being an employee of the Department did not apply to land claims. He told, however, how he took pains to avoid having anything to do with these cases after being Secretary of the Interior. He denied that he had any interests in Alaska, and said he had known nothing of his First Assistant Secretary's opinion which, it is asserted, would have allowed these claims to be patented. He said he knew nothing of Mr. Glavis's attack on him until he received the President's letter informing him of it. Later in his testimony he asserted emphatically that the statements in the letter of Judge Ronald to the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook were true. Mr. Ballinger explained these statements by saying that Special Agent Jones had sent simply two affidavits about the Cunningham claims; that Mr. Glavis's telegram was not in the nature of a protest; and that the Cale Bill was not beneficial to the Cunningham claimants.

SECRETARY BALLINGER EXPLAINS HIS VIEWS

Secretary Ballinger repeatedly made evident his lack of confidence in his subordinate, the Director of the Reclamation Service, Mr. Newell. Under questioning by the Committee he suggested that Mr. Newell might be considered responsible for the reclamation projects even while he was yet the chief engineer of a branch of the Geologic Survey. Mr. Newell distinctly said as much. He also expressed dissatisfaction with some of the work of the Service; at the same time he pointed out that a part of this work must be judged as the experiments of pioneers. He did not think the law gave authority for reclamation of private lands except as incidental to that of public lands. He explained the action of one subordinate as the result of mistaking an order for a mere suggestion; and the action of another as the result of mistaking a suggestion for an order. He denied that he had ordered the Reclamation Service officials to recommend to him that certain withdrawn lands be restored to entry; but he made plain that he had expressed to them unmistakably his strong opinion that such lands had been withdrawn illegally and should be restored. He referred to correspondence to sustain this view. He repeated what he has said on other occasions, that he could find no warrant for supervisory power of the executive. He declared that he could find no statutory power to withdraw water power sites or forest ranger stations; and no legal power even to withdraw lands temporarily so as to call the attention of Congress to the need of new laws. He admitted, however, that he had not restored all lands so withdrawn, and even had made "expediency withdrawals" on no better legal basis. In opposition to judicial opinions quoted in favor of the President's power of withdrawal, Mr. Ballinger introduced in evidence a brief prepared by the Assistant Attorney-General assigned to his department. Regarding the co-operative certificates, he reiterated the view that they were illegal; but objected principally because they did not allow accurate estimates to be made of final cost. These certificates were a bookkeeping arrangement by which the people to be benefited by irrigation could help the Government construct the channels and thus help to pay for the cost of the work. Mr. Ballinger said that in his opinion the contract system was not only the one legal way of constructing these great works but the only businesslike way. He held to his proposed plan of reorganizing the Reclamation Service which would have made the Director one of three officials reporting to him, instead of the single chief of the bureau. As to the case of the engineer of the service who received from a railway with which as a Government official he had dealings a regular monthly check of five hundred dollars for lecturing, Mr. Ballinger said that he had not only not removed him but had given him larger powers. He

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did not explain this further except to say that he did it on the report of investigators. He expressed his anger at the Director of the Service for receiving and filing without reference to him a report of a previous investigation which he felt reflected on him as head of the Department. To demonstrate his practical acquaintance with the affairs of his Department, Mr. Ballinger said: "I traveled something over 20,000 miles this last summer, visiting reclamation projects, Indian agencies and Indian reservations, and National parks, to familiarize myself with the conditions in the field. I think I visited more than half of the reclamation projects. Some of the time I was with the Irrigation Committee of the Senate, and some of the time I was accompanied by Mr. Davis, and part of the time Mr. Newell accompanied me in my investigations; and some of the projects I visited neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. Newell were present, as, for instance, the Sun River project in Arizona and the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada." He expressed his opposition to establishing forest reserves where there are no trees, though upon questioning from the Committee he qualified that statement by saying that he believed in reforestation. His last words on that subject, however, were skeptical; particularly about planting trees on the treeless plains of the Middle West. He criticised the Forestry Service for what he regarded as attempts to misrepresent him publicly; and explained that his silence and the silence of his subordinates in regard to these attempts were due to his obedience of instructions from his superiors, specifically instructions from the President. He contradicted two or three statements made by Mr. Garfield, his predecessor, and told how he had praised Mr. Garfield's administration. Perhaps most important of all, he told of his vindication by the Department of Agriculture. He stated that since Mr. Pinchot's retirement there had been a big change in the forestry policy; that he himself had that day (Thursday of last week) signed orders restoring several hundred thousand acres of land to entry; and that in the last two months four million acres had been thrown out of the forest reserves.

MR. GLAVIS AND THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

The Pinchot-Ballinger Investigating Committee has denied to Mr. Brandeis, counsel for Mr. L. R. Glavis, his request that the Committee ask the Attorney-General to produce certain documents regarding Mr. Glavis's dismissal. Briefly, the situation is this: Mr. Glavis, finding, as he thought, matters going wrong in the Land Office, of which he was an employee, submitted a statement of facts to the President. It was referred to the Attorney-General. After consideration, the President dismissed Mr. Glavis on the ground that he had brought unfounded charges against his superior. Mr. Glavis's counsel has been assiduous in seeking for the evidence on which the Attorney-General based his report adverse to Mr. Glavis. This report was not made public at the time of Mr. Glavis's dismissal. Mr. Brandeis has asked that the Attorney-General be requested to furnish the Committee with such memoranda as he had in the preparation of his report, so that Mr. Glavis may know the details of the charges against him, and so that he may know their source. This request the Committee has denied. It has furthermore denied Mr. Brandeis's request that Secretary Ballinger be requested to furnish such memoranda. The only request concerning these data granted is that certain subordinates be asked for such memoranda as they may have. The reason given for the denial—a reason expressed with some impatience by Senator Root—is that it is not the function of this Committee to investigate the Attorney-General's office. The Committee by this action has put Mr. Ballinger in the unfortunate position of taking refuge in the Attorney-General's immunity. Mr. Glavis has a right to know the sources of all charges against him. It does not seem fair that Mr. Ballinger's administration should escape any scrutiny by virtue of the fact that some of its affairs have been submitted to the Attorney-General for consideration. The suspicion, raised by Mr. Brandeis, that the Attorney-General's opinion contains material that could not have been obtained until after the day it was dated does not affect the duty of the investigating com-

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mittee to make the search thorough. This action of the Committee in denying Mr. Brandeis's request is likely to do more than even certain remarks of its members to create the impression that party considerations are affecting their conduct. This impression will be deepened by the fact that the votes—except that of the Insurgent member, Mr. Madison, who voted with the Democrats to make the request for the document—were divided on party lines. Any effort to conceal the facts now must result in harm to the Administration. Already a resolution conforming to Mr. Brandeis's request has been introduced into the House of Representatives. If the next House should be Democratic, this incident might furnish an occasion for a partisan investigation into the Attorney-General's office. Mr. Ballinger's volunteered statement that no such memoranda were in his possession or the possession of the Department of the Interior might well be supplemented by a voluntary statement on the part of the Attorney-General, or even, if necessary, by the President himself.

PUBLIC PROPERTY AND THE CORPORATIONS

When Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior, he found that his predecessor, acting on information supplied by the Reclamation Service, had withdrawn from private entry a large tract of the public domain, in order to save water power sites from falling into the hands of private interests. Mr. Ballinger, within a few weeks, restored these lands to private entry. Later, he made rewithdrawals of part of this land. For the information on which he made these withdrawals he turned, not to the Reclamation Service, but to the Geological Survey. At that time, and ever since, Mr. Ballinger has shown special confidence in Mr. George Otis Smith, head of the Geological Survey. This fact makes Mr. Smith's testimony before the Pinchot-Ballinger Investigating Committee particularly significant. The Outlook has already reported a large part of Mr. Smith's testimony under direct examination. In his further testimony Mr. Smith made it even clearer than before that he regarded it as a wise policy to promote the passing of public land into private ownership. He, for instance, stated that he thought that a law which had for its purpose the passing of the public land, so far as possible, into private ownership was a good law. In this respect he expressed himself as differing from Mr. Newell, the head of the Reclamation Service. He furthermore, on cross-examination, expressed his opinion that it was hurtful to call a halt on the patenting of public coal lands in Alaska. He had gone even further in answering certain questions by a member of the Committee. The purport of his answers was that it was desirable to hand over these coal lands in Alaska to great corporations. He did not seem to think it was essential even to prevent the same concern from owning both the coal mines and the railways to transport the coal. Indeed, he thought that even in the United States "possibly there is danger in this method of indirectly controlling the price of anthracite coal by trying to prevent the transportation companies also having an interest in the production of the article which they carry." If the railways were permitted to own and operate the coal mines, he thought the tendency would be toward what he regarded as Conservation. "I should say," he continued, "that the operation of the coal mines by the large and strong interests which also control the railways in a given field would be a conserving practice, because it would involve the large units. . . ." "In the interest of economical operation?" asked Mr. Graham, a member of the Committee. "In economical operation," Mr. Smith replied; "and it would reduce the actual cost." He added that he wanted to see the Government control by law the large unit. He later declared that he thought the best thing that could happen in Alaska would be the patenting of the Cunningham claims and passing them over to the Alaska Syndicate. Mr. Smith furthermore, under cross-examination, declared that he was anxious to safeguard the interests of the Geological Survey against unpopularity among the entrymen. He objected, therefore, to having representatives of the Geological Survey make quiet and secret investigation of entries to determine questions of good faith. With regard to withdrawals, Mr. Smith supported

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the course of Secretary Ballinger. He went even further than Mr. Ballinger; for, while he reported the Secretary as saying that in the case of a question between a settler and a power site it was advisable to give the benefit of the doubt to the power site, Mr. Smith believed it would be better to give the benefit of the doubt to the settler, which would mean the sacrifice of public ownership in the power site. Moreover, Mr. Smith showed that he did not believe very heartily in the process of making large withdrawals for the purpose of making sure the retention of public ownership in power sites, and then "paring down," by admitting to private entry land that would not encroach on these sites. He agreed with Senator Sutherland that it was best to encourage the use of water power to the utmost extent, and he seemed inclined to think that the State should control water power, as it was the people of the State and not the Nation that needed protection in the matter of charges. Mr. Smith gave some testimony with regard to a report attributed to a Mr. Evans, as to a large number of acres, including power sites, that had fallen into private hands on account of Secretary Ballinger's restoration. Inasmuch, however, as Mr. Pinchot had already voluntarily declared that that report was erroneous, Mr. Smith's testimony at this point did not materially affect the investigation. Mr. Smith submitted a number of documentary complaints against employees of the Forest Service.

THE PRESIDENT'S AUTHORITY TO WITHDRAW LANDS FROM SETTLEMENT

We clip from the New York "Tribune's" report of Mr. Taft's speech in Buffalo, Saturday evening, April 30, the following paragraph:

> The President spoke of the Conservation bills in Congress, and especially the one confirming the right of the Executive to withdraw lands from public entry. "There has been objection to this," he said, "as a reflection upon those officials who already have exercised this power, in suggesting that they usurped the power of Congress. Speaking for one who has exercised that power himself, however, I want to say that I have not any objection to offer at all. If the Supreme Court should decide that this power does not exist, we would have a perfect mess. There are people who say the power does not exist and are trying to secure title to land on that ground. The fact that they are willing to face lawsuits shows they have a long purse and are prepared to fight."

This doubt of the power of the Executive to withdraw lands from settlement appears to have been derived by Mr. Taft primarily from Mr. Ballinger. We judge this from Mr. Taft's letter to Mr. Garfield, November 24, 1909:

> November 24, 1909.
>
> *My Dear Mr. Garfield:*
>
> Replying to your letter of November 6, I entirely agree with you that the difference between you and Mr. Ballinger is in your different conceptions of the power of the Secretary of the Interior to withdraw land from settlement, and it was Mr. Ballinger's fear that your orders of withdrawal were beyond the power of the Secretary of the Interior that led me to investigate the question and to concur with him in his view. When, however, he presented to me, as he did at the time that the order of revocation was made, or shortly after, the danger that water power sites might be taken up pending the action of Congress which was needed to treat them on the basis recommended by Mr. Roosevelt, I consented to a new order of withdrawal, provided the place of the water power sites was definitely fixed by the Geological Bureau, which had the best sources of information, as it turns out, in respect to the places where the sites were. I think it a considerable stretch of the Secretary's power, but I have been willing, in view of its previous exercise, to continue it with respect to more definitely ascertained water power sites, until I can bring the matter sharply to the attention of Congress.

These two semi-official statements put fairly before the reader the position of the present Administration on the question of the right of the Executive to withdraw lands from settlement without specific and direct authority from Congress. That position is, in brief, that the power is very doubtful, but that in case of necessity it may be temporarily exercised pending the determination of the question by Congress.

THE SENATE COMMITTEE'S OPINION

On the other hand, the right of the Executive is strongly maintained by the report of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, presented to the Senate by Senator Nelson in February last. The report is brief, and appears to us conclusive. We should judge, comparing Mr. Taft's speech at

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Buffalo in April, 1910, with his letter to Mr. Garfield in November, 1909, that Mr. Nelson's letter may have had some effect in modifying Mr. Taft's original opinion. We quote a single sentence from Senator Nelson's report:

> The power of the President to reserve public lands from sale and entry rests upon various statutes and upon numerous decisions of the courts, and upon long-established and long-recognized usage.

This general declaration is supported by Senator Nelson by a variety of quotations from United States Statutes, Executive Acts, and decisions of the Federal Courts recognizing this authority in the President. From these quotations we quote one extract from a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States:

> From an early period in the history of the Government it has been the practice of the President to order, from time to time, as the emergencies of the public service required, parcels of land belonging to the United States to be reserved from sale and set apart for public uses. The authority of the President in this respect is recognized in numerous Acts of Congress.

We think that the Acts of Congress and the decisions of the courts referred to in this decision of the Supreme Court, and by Senator Nelson in his report, abundantly justify his conclusion "that the President of the United States has the inherent power to reserve for public purposes lands of the United States from location, sale, or entry." But as the present President entertains apparently some doubt of his authority, and as no man can be expected to exercise whole-heartedly a power concerning the lawfulness of which he has some doubt, we agree with Senator Nelson, with Mr. Garfield, and with Mr. Pinchot in hoping that Congress will pass, not an Act *authorizing* the President to exercise this power, but one declaring that he possesses it—the Senate bill recommended by the Senate Committee, which is declaratory simply: "That the President may at any time in his discretion withdraw from settlement, location, sale, or entry any of the public lands of the United States and reserve the same for forestry, water power sites, irrigation, classification of lands, or other public uses to be specified in the order of withdrawals," and report the same to Congress. The Outlook agrees with President Taft, who, in his St. Louis speech, urged this policy on the Congress:

> As concerns Congress at this time, Conservation resolves itself into the necessity of passing at once the bill which will give to the Executive unquestioned authority to withdraw lands for power sites and other purposes. With this power in the hands of the President, we can sit comfortably by and discuss and devise the best means of disposing of the great public domain for the benefit of present and future generations.

Regulars, Insurgents, and Democrats should unite in passing at once the Senate bill declaring that the President possesses this power. The Congress can then take up in more leisurely fashion the question what disposition shall be made of such lands, a question which it will be powerless even to consider if once the lands are taken up by private persons under existing laws.

SUBTRACTIONS FROM THE RAILWAY BILL

In the public interest, the laws regulating railways need amendment and expansion. Two subjects under this general head are traffic agreements and mergers. As to these the Republican Insurgents and Regulars in Congress seem at loggerheads. Last week, in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, a coalition of Insurgents and Democrats had its way with these Railway Bill subjects. In the Administration's bill, now pending in both houses, they eliminated the sections providing for traffic agreements and mergers. Traffic agreements by which two or more railway companies agree to maintain specified rates for the transportation both of passengers and freight are necessary if the complicated duties of our railways are to be successfully fulfilled. Despite the present law forbidding them, "gentlemen's agreements" have persisted, and apparently cannot be prevented. Why should they be secret and surreptitious? Why not have them open and lawful and their terms filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission? This has been favored by Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, was distinctly promised in the Republican party platform adopted nearly two years ago in Chicago, and found place in its Presidential candidate's speech of accept-

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ance. The bill submitted by the Taft Administration to Congress allowed such agreements, but only if approved by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. But it did not provide for the Commission's approval of the agreements *in advance of* their filing. An amendment making such approval a prerequisite was rejected by the Regulars, whereupon the Insurgents and Democrats, with possibly the secret aid of certain Regulars, brought about the rejection of the entire section. Then they did the same thing with the merger section. It prohibits the acquirement of competing lines, except where a railway company already owns half of the capital stock of the line to be acquired. Apparently its only effect would be to continue or strengthen an already existing control. But the Insurgents, aroused by reports that certain companies were seeking to purchase more than half of the stock of competing companies before the bill should pass, defeated this section. It would be a simple matter to confer on the Inter-State Commerce Commission powers analogous to those now successfully exercised by the New York State Public Service Commission. We suspect, however, that certain Senators, both Insurgents and Regulars, who professedly favor the bill, have given to it but half-hearted support. While the Railway Bill has been thus shorn of two sections, other sections have been added. In the House the measure now includes a long-and-short-haul section (that is, the prohibition of higher proportionate rates for a short than for a long haul), a section bringing telegraph and telephone companies under the term "common carrier," and a section providing for the physical valuation of railways. The latter two amendments are of doubtful value, but the long-and-short-haul we believe to be absolutely just, as we do the clauses providing for the establishment of an Inter-State Commerce Court, and ordering carriers to quote rates correctly to shippers, and empowering the Commission to hold investigations on its own initiative as well as on complaint. The Outlook has called this bill "a great step in advance." Even if the measure, as it may emerge from conference between the two houses, does not contain all the reforms proposed by the Administration or by the Insurgents, something will have been gained, even if it carry the Nation only one step forward in a general railway regulation, desired not more by governmental reformers than by the most responsible carriers and shippers themselves. It is reported that President Taft is more interested in the success of this measure than in that of any other Administration bill. Yet, at a time when the measure is in jeopardy, the President has spent a week away from Washington. For the next week, sure to be even more critical, he announced two absences from Washington but later canceled one. A President should not think that his duty to his legislative programme is ended when he submits that programme to Congress. We regret this as adherence to the old-time doctrine of a sharp division between the executive and the legislative functions. To secure practical political success in getting things done, the desirability of two things becomes daily more apparent—an astute political adviser in the President's immediate circle and a proper Administration political organization.

THE INCOME TAX AMENDMENT

Two Legislatures, those of New York and Massachusetts, have just declined to ratify the amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for an income tax. The Virginia Legislature has also declined to adopt a ratifying resolution, while seven States—Alabama, Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and South Carolina—have ratified the amendment. It should, of course, be remembered that negative action by a Legislature is not necessarily final. A proposed amendment may be ratified at any time by any State, no matter what action it may have taken in the past; so that in a new Legislature in New York, Massachusetts, or Virginia the amendment may have better fortune. The Outlook, however, hopes that it will not; for The Outlook is opposed to an income tax, for several reasons, which may be briefly stated. First, taxation should be laid upon property, and not upon industry. An income tax levied on income derived from investments would be legitimate; an income tax levied on income derived from industry would, in our opin-

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ion, be illegitimate. The primary object of government is to protect persons and property. The cost of production is not in proportion to the industry of the individual, but in proportion to the value of the property of the individual which is protected. Second, an income tax bears unjustly on those who are in receipt of incomes in the form of salaries or wages. Such persons know exactly what their income is. Those whose income is derived from trade, commerce, or the professions are uncertain as to their income, and are therefore almost certain to pay less proportionately than salaried workers. Third, Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said that an income tax makes a nation of liars. This is, of course, too strong a statement. But the experience of this country during the Civil War demonstrated that an income tax does promote the making of false returns, and often encourages false swearing. Fourth, the only way to avoid this evil is by minute inquisitorial examination, such as is conducted by the officials in Germany. Such an inquisitorial examination is foreign to the American practice and repugnant to the feelings of Americans. It never would be endured patiently in this country if it were conducted with impartial thoroughness. Fifth, a tax on real estate and a tax on corporations would be a tax upon the largest proportion of the invested property in the country, and it is on invested property that taxes should be levied. In addition to such taxation, a stamp tax on notes, checks, bills of exchange, and the like is simple, easily collected, and not obnoxious or irksome to the taxpayer. This taxation, with an adequate inheritance tax and a customs tax, ought to be sufficient for all the necessities of a government economically administered.

THE ILLINOIS TEN-HOUR LAW HELD VALID

The Supreme Court of Illinois has upheld the validity of the recent law of that State limiting to ten a day the hours which a woman may be employed to work in specified occupations. The decision of the Illinois Court, while it merely reiterates the doctrine of the Supreme Courts of Oregon and the Supreme Court of the United States in upholding the Oregon ten-hour law for women, is interesting because it is on its face antagonistic to the ruling of the same Court fifteen years ago. The Legislature of Illinois in 1893 passed a law limiting the hours which women might be permitted to labor in certain occupations to eight a day. This act the Supreme Court of that State unceremoniously set aside in a decision rendered in 1895, on the ground that it was an arbitrary and unreasonable interference with the right of women to contract for the sale of their labor. The act in question was ahead of the times in which it was passed. The Court doubtless reflected the effective public sentiment of that day in setting the act aside. The fear was expressed, however, that the decision of the Court, once given, would stand for all time as a barrier against similar legislation in Illinois. But meantime other States moved forward in the enactment of legislation designed to protect women workers in industry, though none of the statutes passed was as radical as the Illinois measure of 1893. Oregon passed a law limiting the hours of women workers to ten a day, and secured favorable rulings as to the constitutionality thereof by the Supreme Courts of the State and of the Nation. Emboldened by this success, Illinois recently passed another statute modeled after the Oregon law, limiting to ten the hours which women might work. The case to test the validity of the law was brought in the name of W. C. Ritchie, of the Ritchie Box Company, the same person who secured the ruling against the constitutionality of the eight-hour law of 1893. Judge Tuthill, of the lower Court, followed the reasoning of the first Ritchie case and held against the law. But the Supreme Court of the State, in a decision rendered April 21, ignored its ruling of fifteen years ago, reversed the antiquated opinion of Judge Tuthill, and sustained the act as a proper exercise of the police power of the State to protect the child-bearers of the Nation. Following are the conclusions of the Court:

It is known to all men, and of what we know as men we cannot profess to be ignorant as judges:

That woman's physical structure and the performance of maternal functions place her at a great disadvantage in the battle of life.

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That while a man can work for more than ten hours a day without injury to himself, a woman, especially when the burdens of motherhood are upon her, cannot.

That while a man can work standing upon his feet for more than ten hours a day, day after day, without injury to himself, a woman cannot.

That to require a woman to stand upon her feet for more than ten hours in any one day and to perform severe manual labor while thus standing has the effect of impairing her health.

And as weakly and sickly women cannot be the mothers of vigorous children, it is of the greatest importance to the public that the State take such measures as may be necessary to protect its women from the consequences produced by long-continued manual labor in those occupations which tend to break them down physically.

It would seem obvious, therefore, that legislation which limits the number of hours which women shall be permitted to work to ten hours in a single day in such employments as are carried on in mechanical establishments, factories, and laundries would tend to preserve the health of women and assure the production of vigorous offspring by them and would conduce directly to the health, morals, and general welfare of the public, and that such legislation would fall clearly within the police powers of the State.

In this case Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, of the Massachusetts bar, who prepared the brief on the Oregon case for the United States Supreme Court, assisted in presenting the facts regarding the effect of excessive labor on women, and Mr. Samuel A. Harper, formerly Attorney and Secretary of the Illinois Industrial Commission, prepared the brief on the Constitutional law concerning the subject. The aid rendered by the Russell Sage Foundation and Miss Josephine Goldmark, Publication Secretary of the National Consumers' League, has been invaluable. This decision is another indication that our courts are beginning to recognize the facts of modern social and industrial life.

A BUREAU OF MINES

Following the mine explosion two weeks ago at Hulga, Alabama, when forty-one men lost their lives, the United States Senate last week passed a bill providing for the establishment of a Bureau of Mines. The bill now goes to conference between delegates from the Senate and the House of Representatives, the House having already passed a similar measure. The decision of the conference may be hastened by the news of a still more terrible disaster, this time at Palos, Alabama, where about a hundred and fifty miners were entombed. A Government expert from the Geological Survey, who had been investigating the other accident, with many local aids, was quickly on the spot, bringing his trained knowledge to bear on relief measures. The admirable expansion of the Geological Survey's endeavors to prevent disaster and to afford relief from disaster has already been described in The Outlook. But that work long since outgrew the men and money at the Survey's disposal. That there is real necessity for the work is seen if we compare the far greater loss in this country from mining disasters with that abroad, despite the facts that our mines are not as deep and that the timber used in mining is both more available and less costly. To put America on a par with the rest of the world in respect to the protection of human life, observers long since recommended an enlargement of the Geological Survey's special endeavor, not by burdening the Survey with something hardly pertaining to its original functions, but by creating an entirely new bureau, a Bureau of Mines. This Bureau's function should be not only the analyzing and testing of coals, lignites, and other fuel substances, but also and especially the study of the causes of mine explosions, thus making our mining as little wasteful as possible of life and resources. The bills now in conference declare the duty of the new Commissioner of Mines to be to make diligent investigation of mining methods, particularly in relation to the safety of miners and the appliances best adapted to prevent accidents. The first improvement should be its development of a uniform code of signals for use in mine operation. Both bills appropriately provide that the Bureau shall be located in the Department of the Interior. We say "appropriately," for some of the bureaus in that Department are not appropriately in it. The Bureau of Pensions, for instance, belongs in the War Department, and the Bureau of Patents in the Department of Commerce. On the other hand, the Bureau of Mines is a logical outgrowth of the Geological Survey, already appropriately in the De-

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partment of the Interior. The bills reflect credit on their sponsors from our mining States, and on Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, who have long urged the passage of such a measure. But only the thin edge of the wedge has been inserted. While the Bureau of Mines should have, and, we believe, will have, a marked future in ameliorating industrial conditions, it should also afford the Federal Government its proper and beneficent control by overseeing the enforcement of existing laws, and by advising as to additional legislation.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S NOBEL PRIZE ADDRESS

The address on "International Peace," which appeared in full and with editorial comment in The Outlook of last week, was delivered on Thursday by Mr. Roosevelt at Christiania in the National Theater before the Nobel Prize Committee, the members of which are chosen by the Norwegian Storthing for the purpose of awarding the Peace Prize. This, it will be remembered, was bestowed in 1906 upon Mr. Roosevelt in recognition of his services in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. The King and Queen of Norway were present, as well as the Cabinet officers and the Parliament in a body; and the press despatches note as a particularly interesting fact that among the members of Parliament was the first woman to be elected to that body, Miss Rogstad. We need not here comment further upon the suggestions of the address bearing upon the future possible course of nations towards bringing about peace through the keeping down of armaments by mutual agreement, and through the enforcing of peace, if necessary, by a league of the nations acting in concert. But it is to be added that Mr. Roosevelt prefaced his address by a tribute to the late Björnstjerne Björnson, whose death, he said, leaves a gap in the literature of the whole world because he was "a man who had always stood for the right as he conceived the right to be." A newspaper correspondent who was present remarks on a certain similarity in the style of public speaking and gesture between Björnson himself and Mr. Roosevelt. The address was received with evidences of interest and abundant applause, and was followed by a short speech from the Vice-President of the Nobel Prize Committee, Mr. John Lund, who not only complimented Mr. Roosevelt on his work for peace and for American advance in national progress, but paid an eloquent tribute to the New World as the place where many ideals, as yet impossible in Europe, had been attained, and where millions of poor but capable men and women from Europe had obtained that happiness and prosperity which the Old World was unable to afford them. At the close of this address the King and Queen stood and joined the audience in a Norwegian "three times three" for the speaker. The day was observed as a holiday in Christiania, and the reception of the people at large to Mr. Roosevelt was not less generous and hearty than that officially bestowed upon him. Among the many visitors who called was the famous Norwegian explorer, Fridtjof Nansen. King Haakon entertained Mr. Roosevelt at the palace, and gave a formal dinner and reception in his honor; while Mr. Roosevelt was also the guest of honor at a municipal dinner at which three hundred and fifty guests were present. On Friday the University of Norway conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy on Mr. Roosevelt; this is the first time in its hundred years' history that the University has conferred this degree *causa honoris*. The week preceding the delivery of the Nobel address was a busy and notable one, even when considered in comparison with the weeks which had immediately preceded it. In Belgium, in Holland, and in Denmark the sovereigns of the country displayed a cordiality and a recognition of the interest and unusual character of their guest which were unmistakably something more than the expression of formal and ceremonial respect; and in the chief cities of those countries it is equally true that the common people were not less hearty in their reception of the visitors. At Brussels Mr. Roosevelt made a brief address at the Exposition now in progress there, attended a reception by the American Colony, and was entertained by the new King at Laaken Palace. At Amsterdam Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were the guests of honor of Queen Wilhelmina at

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luncheon; and Mr. Roosevelt spoke in the Free Church, making reference to his own Dutch descent, and praising the sturdiness of character of the people of Holland. A picturesque incident of the brief visit to Holland was the magnificent display of tulips, not only at the great national tulip show, but along the road from The Hague to Haarlem, where thousands of acres of tulips in bloom in great masses of color were seen as the party passed in a motor. At Copenhagen one of the newspapers hailed the visitor as "a champion of peace, a spokesman of justice, and a faithful servant of freedom;" while Mr. Roosevelt in turn referred to the Danish emigrants to America as having only one fault, namely, that there were not enough of them. Here, too, the party was entertained royally in both senses of the word; in the absence of the King, the Crown Prince and Princess were the hosts.

PRINCE TSAI-TAO'S BULL'S-EYE

The chief of the general staff of the Chinese army has been visiting America. He is Prince Tsai-Tao, brother of the Prince Regent and uncle of the baby Emperor of China. Last week, at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, New York City, he asked to be permitted to try his hand at rifle practice. His Occidental hosts, confident as to their own sureness of aim, were prepared to be indulgent at the attempts of an Oriental. What was their surprise when, at the very first trial, the Prince put a bullet into the target, and, at the second, one into the bull's-eye! As Admiral Dewey's first cannon shot at Manila may be said to have changed the world's opinion regarding America, so Prince Tsai-Tao's shot in New York may possibly change the world's opinion regarding China. Hitherto we have regarded the four hundred million Chinese as singularly unaggressive. But they are not all unaggressive. Some have been quite the contrary, and in recent times particularly Yuan-Shi-Kai, now ex-Viceroy of the Province of Chili. His idea has been to rehabilitate China as a military nation. To this end he sought the advice of English, German, and Japanese authorities. He reorganized the ridiculous and disjointed old Chinese army on a modern basis. His notion was ultimately to get an army of a million and a half men scientifically trained, well officered, and thoroughly equipped. No longer were undisciplined provincial officers, with clashing provincial prejudices, to militate against the success of a centralized force. The new soldiers swear allegiance to the Throne, and not, as before, to any provincial authority. The Viceroy then set to work to create the usual army divisions: first, the men in active service, and, second, those belonging to the first and second reserves. The fighting line consists of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, with the usual complement of signal corps, ordnance, experts, medical staff, and service corps. The period of service is fixed at ten years—three with the colors, three in the first reserves, and four in the second. The annual army requirements of recruits will be about a hundred and fifty thousand men. But Yuan-Shi-Kai's hardest task was to secure proper officers. The docile Chinaman is easily led if he has a proper leader. How could Yuan make leaders out of Chinese when for centuries military service has been regarded as the lowest in the social scale? He recommended, and the Throne ordered, that army officers should be assimilated to the class of Mandarins, and that every prince, noble, and official of the Empire should send at least one son to the newly established Military School for Nobles at Peking. The training of officers at that school, now that Prince Tsai-Tao has visited West Point, will, he says, follow American methods. This, of course, must also involve the adoption of similar methods for training the soldiers to be commanded by these officers. The supposedly sluggish Chinese may be found, under proper training, to be serious fighters.

HENRY HARRIS JESSUP

A star in the galaxy of distinguished missionaries whose work for human welfare has made the name American respected in Eastern lands was the veteran Dr. Jessup, whose fifty-three years of service in Syria ended at Beirut, April 28. Born at Montrose, Pennsylvania, in 1832, and graduated at Yale in 1851 in the

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same class with the late Dr. Munger, he sailed for Syria in 1855 under commission from the American Board for Foreign Missions. Thenceforth his life was devoted to the development of the work which was then beginning to show fruit from the toil of its beginners since 1820. The conspicuous and lasting memorial of his life is the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, opened in 1865, which he co-operated in founding, now manned by a faculty of twenty-eight, with nearly five hundred students. In ten months after his arrival he had mastered the harsh gutturals and strange idoms of the Arabic sufficiently to preach in that difficult tongue. A tireless worker to the last, he wrote at sixty-nine: "How can a missionary resign at seventy? We ought to work right on up to the gates of glory." He was a missionary of civilization as well as of religion. As such no man was more honored and esteemed in American churches. He died in harness, as he desired. His recently published autobiography, "Fifty-three Years in Syria," about which something is said on another page, is the principal relic of his industrious pen.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER MEMORIAL FUND

Mr. Fox, the Chairman of the committee which has in charge the raising of a fund to provide a memorial to Richard Watson Gilder, has recently received the following letter from Mr. Roosevelt:

Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, March 26, 1910.

Dear Mr. Fox:

Like so many others, I have mourned the loss of Richard Watson Gilder as one of the truest, stanchest, and most delightful of friends, and one of the best of citizens. He combined to a singular degree sweetness and courage, idealism and wholesome common sense. It may truthfully be said that he was an ideal citizen for such a democracy as ours. He was a man of letters; he was a lover of his kind, who worked in a practical fashion for the betterment of social and economic conditions; and he took keen and effective interest in our public life. No worthier American citizen has lived during our time.

The form that the proposed memorial is to take—the creation of a fund for the promotion of good citizenship—would, I believe, have been peculiarly acceptable to him. It seems to me the best of all possible ways in which to perpetuate the memory of the man who stood for what was truest and finest in our complex National life.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The income of the fund, which is to be known as the "Richard Watson Gilder Fund for the Promotion of Good Citizenship," is to be used for the endowment of "Gilder Fellowships" in Columbia University, and the holders will be required to devote themselves to the investigation and study of actual political and social conditions, in this country or abroad, and to practical civic work. The undertaking has the approval and support of President Taft, Governor Hughes, and President Lowell.

KING EDWARD OF ENGLAND

America always feels her kinship to England most strongly in the presence of national sorrow. It is an exact, plain statement of fact that Queen Victoria's death stirred hearts here almost as if we also had been of her own people. Now, at the end of her son's reign, Americans will express sincerely a brotherly sympathy in a great nation's grief.

That Edward was both respected and loved is beyond dispute. Nine years ago, when his accession was proclaimed with quaint mediæval ceremony, we said in these pages that he entered into the inheritance of a priceless possession of loyalty and affection, an inheritance that he would not forfeit if he had the good sense with which he was accredited. That faculty of good sense has proved his noteworthy quality. No constitutional monarch of our times, not even Victoria, has shown more tact and reserve. A blundering king in England might have so disturbed the political waters as to have made republicanism popular. But with all the spread of Socialism, with all the advance of labor radicalism, with all the attacks on the House of Lords, there have been few threats against the throne; loyalty to the tradition of a restrained monarchy is unshaken to-day. Nor was Edward VII a do-nothing king. From the first he recognized the fact that his chief sphere of action lay in personal influence upon the international relations of his country. Through his many family

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connections in the royal circles of Europe and those of his Queen, who has been so beloved at home and abroad, the King has exerted a quiet but powerful effectiveness for peace and amity. Writing in The Outlook two years ago of King Edward's "passion for diplomacy," Mr. Isaac N. Ford, an experienced American newspaper correspondent, declared that the King's success in that direction had been due in large measure to his honesty and sincerity, and that in this field, as in his home affairs, he had serviceable resources of tact, simplicity, and *bonhomie*, and to these qualities joined quickness of decision and flexibility of mind. Just how much he accomplished may never be known: but one example often given of the King's diplomatic power is the important *entente* between France and England, largely due, it is believed, to the fact that the King was trusted personally by a sensitive nation. There is no doubt that he was aided in all things by his mingling of dignity and cordiality. This union of qualities, notable while he was still Prince of Wales, became more marked after his accession, and the fear that he might become an indolent or excessively pleasure-loving sovereign soon gave way to appreciation of his tact and distinction of manner. Twice there has been overwhelming evidence of the affection in which he was held by the people of Great Britain: once, thirty-eight years ago, when, as Prince of Wales, his life was threatened by typhoid and his recovery was celebrated with thanksgiving, clearly honest and heartfelt, throughout his dominions; again when, in 1902, after his accession, the coronation was postponed because he was a second time in danger, from which he only recovered after a severe operation, and his people throughout the Empire were for many weeks tense with anxiety and fear.

The life of a constitutional king in our day is not, as a rule, marked by sensational incident. He leads no armies, directs no parties, formulates no political creeds. As one reviews Edward's life of sixty-nine years, the events that are most prominent, in addition to the two outpourings of popular affection just referred to, are, his education at the three universities of Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge—Charles Kingsley was for a time his tutor; his visit to the United States in 1860, which made a long-remembered social excitement, quaintly indicated in the woodcuts of the old-time illustrated weeklies; his tour of the Orient in 1862; his marriage in 1863 to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, who became in an instant close to the affections of the English people; the birth of his six children, the eldest of whom, Prince Albert Victor, died at the age of twenty-eight, while the second, the present Prince of Wales, succeeds Edward VII as George V; his trip in 1875 through India, where he was received with lavish splendor and expressions of loyalty; and his constant patronage, before and after his accession, of all manner of educational, art, and philanthropic institutions—he never seemed to tire in the arduous duty of "opening" buildings, dedicating monuments, and giving royal approval to that which was worthy.

It was only on Thursday morning of last week that serious alarm was felt about the King's illness; on Friday near midnight he died. For some months it had been known that his health was far from good; he returned from Biarritz, where his physicians had sent him, with a bad case of bronchitis which quickly developed into pneumonia of a most serious type, and the disease ran its fatal course with extraordinary rapidity.

It has been said that Edward VII always in public functions said and did the right thing; that his amiability and readiness were such that he might be termed Edward the Tactful if it were not for his claim to a higher designation—Edward the Peaceful. President Taft in his message of sympathy speaks of "those high qualities which made the life of the late King so potent an influence toward peace and justice among nations." Beside this may be placed the characterization of an English newspaper of radical views: "He will live in the memory of his subjects as one who was personally loved and admired, because he reflected with strange completeness the ideals of the ordinary British citizen. In all his reign he never struck a false note in appeal, direct or indirect, to the body of the nation. Seriousness of purpose and delicate appreciation of the nature of his high constitutional office were equally remarkable in him. He leaned to no party,

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uttered no indiscretions, nor was his purely personal influence over the multitude confined to his own country. His genial humanity won hearts wherever it was publicly seen."

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT

To correct some misapprehension on the part of one or two correspondents and one or two of our contemporaries, we here restate the position of The Outlook concerning the powers of the President.

The founders of the Constitution assumed that the powers of the Federal Government should be divided, as they are in all free governments, into three departments—a Legislative, an Executive, and a Judicial Department. And the Constitution provided that the legislative powers should be vested in a Congress, the executive powers in a President, and the judicial powers in a Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as Congress should from time to time establish.

There is some reason for maintaining that the legislative powers of Congress are limited to those expressly and in terms conferred upon it, because the Constitution provides that "all legislative powers *herein granted* shall be vested in a Congress," and this clause is followed by a detailed list of things which Congress may do. But no such reasoning can apply to either the Executive or the Judiciary, for in the case of both the language is general in its terms:

Art. II, § 1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States.

Art. III, § 1. The judicial power shall be vested in one Supreme Court of the United States, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.

What judicial power? The judicial power ordinarily recognized as belonging to the courts in a constitutional government. What executive power? The executive power ordinarily recognized as belonging to the executive department in a constitutional government.

It was not necessary to declare that the courts should have power to issue writs of injunction and mandamus, or to punish for contempt, or to impanel jurors, or to compel the attendance of witnesses. These powers belong to the judiciary in all civilized countries. So it was not necessary to declare that the Executive might protect the property of the people from private spoliation; that is a power which is inherent in the Executive; without that power it would not be an Executive. One correspondent soberly assures us that if our construction of the Constitution is correct, the President could give away the land of the people, because the Constitution does not in express terms forbid him from so doing. That is not a power which in any free government belongs to the Executive. The power to protect the property of the people does in all free governments belong to him.

In our interpretation of the powers conferred by the Constitution on the President there is nothing radical or novel. It is sustained by the best interpreters of the Constitution, both lay and legal. For example, Mr. James Bryce in "The American Commonwealth:"

He [the President] is George III shorn of a part of his prerogative by the intervention of the Senate in treaties and appointments, of another part by the restriction of his action to Federal affairs, while his dignity as well as his influence are diminished by his holding office for four years instead of for life.

Professor Frederic Jesup Stimson in "The American Constitution:"

He [the President] generally has the powers of a constitutional British king, except in so far as those powers are taken from him in other parts of the Constitution and entrusted to other bodies.

The historians of the Constitutional Convention use the same language. Thus John Fiske in his "Critical Period of American History:"

The President in our system, irremovable by the national legislature, does not answer to the modern prime minister, but to the old-fashioned king, with powers for mischief curtailed by election for short terms.

Thus the historian, the jurist, and the political philosopher agree in their interpretation of the Constitutional powers of the President, and even in the analogy which they use to illustrate that interpretation. He has the executive powers of a constitutional king, except as they are limited by the express terms or the necessary implications of the Constitution itself. We are to look in history to find what his powers *are;* we are to look in the Constitution to find what powers are denied him.

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NATIONAL CONSERVATION

In his Buffalo speech Mr. Taft is reported as saying that "the subject of Conservation is rather abstruse, but there are a great many people in favor of Conservation no matter what it means." That is true. Yet popular instincts are generally sound even when ill defined. It is the office of a leader to understand such instincts and to give them definition. In this article we propose to state what we mean by National Conservation; not to defend it, but to define it.

National Conservation means two principles: First, that the National domain belongs to the people and is to be administered for their benefit; and, second, that there is power in the National Government under our Constitution so to control that administration as to make it of benefit to the people.

The land with its contents belongs to the people. It is private property only as title to it is derived from the people. The title to the lands in the West has been derived from the people through Congress, which is their representative; the title to lands in the East through Colonial grants from the King, who was the representative of the English people. In the past our Western lands have been given by the people in small parcels to actual settlers who have taken it to live on it and cultivate it. This was wise. As our protective system has built up a self-respecting, industrious town population, so our Homestead law has built up a self-respecting, industrious rural population. The end sought in both cases has been the same—the right kind of population. For the wealth of a nation lies in its people, not in its material possessions. Lands which are uncultivated, mines which are unopened, water powers which are unharnessed, are no more wealth than is money rolled up in a stocking and stowed away in a trunk. Nothing deserves to be called wealth that is not mixed with human endeavor and contributory to human life. The development of resources and the development of people must go together to make a nation great.

But it is one thing to give our arable lands in small parcels to actual settlers who own them, live upon them, cultivate them, and thus become a wealth-producing and a wealth-sharing population; it is quite another thing to give our mines, our coal lands, our oil reservoirs, our forests, our water power sites, and our great highways to great corporations. The result of the latter policy has been a very rapid development of our natural resources, but also a great waste; the creation of great wealth, but also its concentration in a few hands; the creation of great oil, coal, mining, and lumber industries, but also of great and sometimes unscrupulous monopolies.

The National Conservationist says: Stop this policy; and stop it at once. Give away no more mining lands, coal lands, oil lands, forest lands, water power sites, railway franchises. Keep the National domain and the National highways under the control of the Nation; and this for a triple purpose: to prevent waste; to secure for all the people a reasonable proportion of the wealth which, as raw material, belongs to them; and to regulate the administration of that wealth so as to prevent the creation of ill-paid and discontented laborers on the one hand, and great capitalistic monopolies on the other.

This is the first principle of National Conservation. The second principle is that this is a National problem, not primarily a State problem, and that the Nation has both the power and the competence to solve it.

To this policy of National Conservation there are numerous opponents. It is opposed—

By the special interests: the men who have the energy and enterprise, or think they have the energy and enterprise, to get possession of a considerable share of the National domain and make in the future fortunes out of it as fortunes have been made in the past.

By the traditionalists: the men who fear any departure from the creeds, the policies, and the methods of the past; who believe in the motto, Let well enough alone, and prefer to suffer the ills of the present than to fly to ills they cannot clearly foresee and prevent.

By the individualists: the men who do not believe that the public domain belongs to the public; who believe that the sole function of government is to preserve

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order while mankind engages in a free competitive struggle for the world's wealth, which should be distributed upon the principle, First come, first served.

By the political skeptics: the men who do not believe in the competence of the people to protect their interests; who believe that if Government undertakes to regulate the administration of the public domain in the public interest, enterprise will be stifled, industry paralyzed, corruption and waste increased.

By the anti-Federalists: the men who do not believe that our Federal Government has, under the Constitution, the power to do this work of regulation, or is by its nature fitted to undertake it, and who would therefore leave the public domain either to the unregulated control of private enterprises or to regulation by the States.

We do not impugn the motives of any of these men. We do not even discuss the wisdom and weight of their objections. We only affirm that they are not National Conservationists. No man believes in National Conservation unless he believes that the National domain belongs to the Nation, and that from this time forth the Nation should see that it is administered under the control of the Nation and for the benefit of the Nation.

How this shall be done is as yet an unsolved problem and requires much thinking. Many men are doing much thinking upon this problem; more men are doing much talking upon it. But that somehow it is to be done has been definitely decided by the people in the last election. If the people were sure that the representatives in Congress heartily and enthusiastically believed in this twofold principle—believed that the public domain should be administered for the public benefit and that the Federal Government has power to secure such administration—the people would wait with patience the evolution of a method. But there is a widespread impression that Congress is far from agreed in any desire to find such a method; a widespread suspicion that many influential men in Congress are trying rather to find some way by which this principle, believed in by the people, can be evaded, this mandate given by the people can be safely disobeyed. There is a widespread doubt whether the Administration is in any wise so whole-hearted in support of it as was its predecessor. The public has seen enthusiastic supporters of this policy of National Conservation dismissed from the service. It has seen men whose support is confessedly half-hearted, and some whose opposition is even frankly avowed, retained.

This is the cause of the political unrest which Mr. Taft finds confronting him in every section of the country. Supporters of the Administration have been hoping for some strong, impassioned utterance from Mr. Taft in definition and defense of National Conservation, backed up by some strong Executive act enforcing his utterance. Such an utterance backed by such an act would even now do much to restore the waning confidence. But, so far, it must be confessed that they have heard more utterances in defense of recognized advocates of the special interests than in urgency of the public welfare. When the people have turned from the Executive to the Legislative Department, they have heard in the Congressional debates as much energy expended in criticising the policy of National Conservation as in discussing how it can be efficiently carried out, and have seen scarcely less reason, in the measures introduced into Congress, to suspect skillful opposition to that policy as ardent devotion to it.

The Outlook is a firm believer in the principles of National Conservation. In our judgment, no issue before the American people is so vital to the National welfare. In 1850 it was not so important to elect a Whig or a Democrat to Congress as to elect a man who understood the issue so soon to absorb the attention of the Nation—Should slavery be extended into the National Territories? To-day it is not so important to elect Republicans or Democrats to Congress as to elect men who understand the issues between the public welfare and the special interests. We advise our readers in the next Congressional election to inquire, not whether the candidate who asks their suffrages is a Republican or a Democrat, a Regular or an Insurgent, but whether he is intelligently, firmly, and enthusiastically devoted to the

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twofold principle of National Conservation:

The public domain belongs to the people.

The Nation has both the power and the competence to protect the people's property.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE

What American lad, entering Central Park, New York City, has not paused before the "Indian Hunter"? It was the first statue to be erected in the Park.

Last week its sculptor, John Quincy Adams Ward, passed away in his eightieth year. With him American sculpture loses its dean.

But, what is more important, American sculpture loses with him its most natively nurtured exponent. American by ancestry and born on an Ohio farm, "Ward's queer boy," as the neighbors called him, always had a predilection for making figures with mud and clay, and especially with dough from the kitchen on baking day. He lived through his childhood to the age of fifteen before he saw a piece of real sculpture. He tried to mold something resembling it, and succeeded so well that his parents were finally persuaded to allow the self-trained lad to go East, where he became a pupil of the late Henry Kirke Brown. A long sojourn in Rome had not divorced Mr. Brown from the influence of his native life; and yet he had brought home with him all that the classical schools could teach. Studies of Indians had been his first work in America. It was natural, then, that after seven years of thorough study with Brown, making it unnecessary to go abroad, Quincy Ward should go to the Far West, there to devote himself to the observation of Indian types on their native heath. Returning, his first important work was the "Indian Hunter."

This choice was notable in the development of American sculpture, for at that time most sculptors' conceptions were taken chiefly from the antique. As Ward never went to Europe until his maturer years, his instinct and training, like his ancestry and adaptation to surroundings, were thoroughly American. His style, imitating that of no foreign school, represents first of all himself as an individual, and second America as a Nation. His sculpture was influenced entirely by American surroundings and by American ideals. Thus, to us, his work stands out from the achievements of other American sculptors. It also typifies what we know as American sculpture as distinguished from other sculpture.

What does American sculpture mean if not something indigenous in ideal and in manner? And where, save in the work of Winslow Homer, shall we find anything more indigenous than the work of John Quincy Adams Ward? Ward's and Winslow Homer's genius is of a kind to make Americans proud. In both sculpture and painting, coldness, pedantry, prettiness, insipidity, effeminacy, and pseudo-classicism had characterized the age preceding theirs. How refreshing the unsophisticated new style, with its escape from the Nydias, and Medeas, and Greek Slaves, and Washingtons conceived as Olympian Zeus! Yet it is just as refreshing when we compare it with the too subtle, flexible, and intense art of our own times. Ideally American, so it seems to us, was the ideal man, worthy of portrayal by Ward—not the American too often seen, a nervous, hurried, superficial, pert individual, but the real American, solid, self-contained, steadfast, as we see him in the "Pilgrim," the "Seventh Regiment Private," and the long line of statues of famous Americans, above all in Ward's colossal "Washington" in front of the Sub-Treasury Building in Wall Street, New York City, a statue which has become, we think, as much the embodiment of him whom it commemorates as is a Gilbert Stuart portrait. Both stand for a genuinely American ideal.

To such an ideal Ward brought a masculine manner. We like to think of it as the American manner. At all events, it represents Ward's larger influence on art, of course far greater than any nationalistic ideal; for art knows no country. The manner was not supple, or flexible, or dramatic enough, but it was always monumental. Everything seemed to appear to him *outdoors*. His works need the outer air. They need great space. Their breadth and simplicity can hardly be har-

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monized with existence within doors. They cannot stand compression. About some of them there is the epic touch.

The passing of this veteran sculptor affords occasion for pause. If we review what has been done in this country during the four decades of his life, we must acknowledge that the trend of American sculpture discloses his influence. We acknowledge this with satisfaction, for his conceptions were simple and clear beyond those of most men.

MR. ROOSEVELT TAKES A VACATION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

AFTER his two weeks of extremely interesting but not a little exhausting sightseeing and speech-making in Egypt, and after the week in Rome with the Vatican "incident," which brought down upon him a perfect avalanche of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt looked forward to Porto Maurizio with the happy anticipations of a man who is about to enjoy a well-earned vacation.

Porto Maurizio is a small but ancient and picturesque city on the shore of the Mediterranean, not far from the French frontier. Back of it lie hills and valleys thick with olive trees and vineyards, and still farther back is a fine range of mountains, at this season of the year capped with snow. Everywhere lead roads and paths enticing to the walker and affording a constant succession of beautiful views of the characteristic Italian landscape. To Porto Maurizio Mr. Roosevelt came for three days of "rest" and to make a visit to Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, Miss Carow, whose pleasant villa, overlooking the sea, stands in a flowery garden on a hillside just outside of what may perhaps be called the city walls. But in the lexicon of the cable, the telegraph, and the post-office there is no such word as "rest," and the eagerly anticipated "vacation" was broken into by a procession of messengers bringing communications, some, it is true, important, but most of them of the greatest unimportance, who trooped to the "Villa Magna Quies" (which, by a curious irony of fate, means the villa of great quiet) at literally all hours of the day and night. Friends of Mr. Roosevelt at home will do him a real service if they will remember that his time and attention while in Europe are almost more than completely occupied with the innumerable engagements, both public and private, of his journey, and that it is impossible for him to take up the question of American engagements and invitations until he returns home.

The multitude of letters he receives is extraordinary, and even with the aid of a stenographer, who is accompanying him, and who works many hours a day, it is impossible to answer them all. Many of them are very touching in the appeals they make. I am not speaking of the appeals for personal assistance, of the begging letters and the like; for ninety-nine out of a hundred of these deserve no consideration, and, unfortunately, it is out of the question to try to sift out the one deserving from the ninety-nine undeserving. I allude to the appeals made to Mr. Roosevelt as leader, guide, adviser, as a man who is believed to stand against corruption and wrong-doing, as the champion of the plain people, of honest folk, rich or poor. As he said to me the other day, in speaking of these letters, "Why, these good people have expectations as to what I can do that would not be justified if I were George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and the Angel Gabriel all rolled into one." Mr. Roosevelt is not only very much touched, but at times rendered profoundly uncomfortable, by the openly expressed expectation of so many people as to what he will do, what he will advise. He certainly intends to try to do his best. To quote his own words, "The man who has been made President by the American people has been put under an obligation which he can never repay, and all his life thereafter he must remain

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conscious of these obligations, and must strive so to carry himself that the American people shall not have cause to regret that they did once have him as President." But he feels very strongly that no one man can do more than a little, and that in especial there are sharp limitations as to what an ex-President can do at all.

One thing in particular has been impressed upon me by four or five weeks' intimate association with Mr. Roosevelt—the curious lack of consideration that people of the best intentions show for a man whom they admire, or who for some reason attracts their attention. If Mr. Roosevelt tried to handle his own mail in the way that he did a dozen years ago, or the way that the average citizen now does, it would be a physical impossibility for him to answer one in twenty, or sometimes one in fifty, of the letters he receives. This applies just as much to him when he is at home as when he is abroad; and of course what he has said about the people who write him letters applies even more to the people who want personal interviews with him. It is half amusing and half exasperating for an outsider to look on and see how much of the time of an already overdriven man is taken up in answering letters and requests for interviews which should not have been made. The letters range from requests for autographs, stamps, and picture postal cards to, for instance, requests for his views on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, or for his opinion on the Referendum as applied to matters of municipal expenditure, or for a description of a special kind of African antelope, because "the pupils in this school would find it interesting;" or for an article for an American college paper on "Politics as a Career for Young Men of Means;" or, from a Hungarian editor, for a paper about "Hungarian Emigration to the United States;" or for a review of a book of poems which was sent by the author; or for a "brief article" for a young men's lyceum on the question of international peace. I specify these because it happened that every one of these requests was contained in one morning's mail. The writers of these letters simply had not taken the trouble to think of the utter impossibility of any of their requests being granted, and of the fact that they had no business to burden a very busy man with so much as making a request of this kind. Then, in addition, there are the kind and friendly letters which he receives, which, so far as possible, he acknowledges, but which it is simply out of the question for him to acknowledge at such length as he would really like to do.

Even while he was in Africa Mr. Roosevelt received requests that, without exaggeration, may be called appalling in their number and character. A favorite request was for tigers' claws, the writers being in beautiful ignorance of the fact that no tigers are found in Africa. Other unknown correspondents frequently asked for lions' claws, apparently not understanding that to take off the claws of course ruins the skin, so that each request was practically that Mr. Roosevelt should go out and kill a lion exclusively for the benefit of a correspondent of whose previous existence he had never heard. He was appealed to for monkeys, parrots, and lion cubs by other well-meaning people; one gentleman wanted a pair of small elephants, another a pair of zebras, another a two hundred and fifty pound snake—these requests evidently being made in bland ignorance of the fact that to meet them would have demanded a totally different type of expedition, especially equipped at a cost of many thousands of dollars, to catch wild animals for the purpose of distributing them gratis to unknown individuals. As for requests for horns and skins on the part of men who apparently thought that the expedition was conducted on a broad eleemosynary basis, they were legion—one man standing out above his fellows because of his modest request for "enough leopard skins to make an overcoat"!

All sorts of things are sent for his inspection or approval, or to reinforce a request for his special aid. Birth certificates, university diplomas, and papers of this kind which are of real value to the people who send them, are forwarded to him by writers who apparently suppose that he has nothing to do but to make parcels and packages and buy postage stamps. One lady in Austria inclosed some well-worn newspaper clippings evidently taken from her most precious archives, one of them being an obituary

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notice of her late husband and the other a description of the costume she wore when she was presented some years ago at one of the royal courts of Europe. Another lady, a Russian, mailed to Mr. Roosevelt some papers connected with her son's university career, and because she did not get a personal reply by return of mail called at the hotel at seven o'clock in the morning in a state of great agitation which was really pathetic to behold. A Hungarian artist sent a registered package containing a pen-and-ink portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph which he had made with indescribable toil by shading the microscopic letters forming a biographical account in three thousand words of the Emperor's career. In the package was a large hand magnifying glass loaned for the purpose of examining the portrait, which the artist hoped would induce Mr. Roosevelt to give him a commission for a similar portrait of "the illustrious ex-President." Of course all these things have to be carefully sifted out, preserved, and returned, to do which involves an annoying expenditure of time and labor.

I suppose that the daily correspondence of any well-known public man would furnish similar displays of the curious workings of certain human minds.

While I was in the act of writing the words of the previous sentence a hall-boy of the hotel presented me with twelve visiting-cards, twelve letters, and four telegrams for Mr. Roosevelt, who at the moment is out inspecting the famous Agricultural Museum of Buda-Pesth. These communications constitute a sort of light afternoon supplement to the daily batch of letters, the majority of which arrive in the morning hours. Of the telegrams one is in French and one in Hungarian, and most of the letters are in Hungarian or in German. Of course the Hungarian correspondence has to be specially translated before it can be attended to, as none of Mr. Roosevelt's immediate party has had time between letters to learn what is perhaps the most difficult of all modern European languages. One letter, however, is from an entirely unknown correspondent in England. "I write to ask," she says, "if you would feel inclined to help me. I am the widow of a clergyman, and since his death I have had heavy expenses which I cannot meet on my small income, but if I could get clear of debt I think my daughter and I could manage. I am trying to get three hundred pounds to relieve me of my burden."

It is such correspondence as this that makes it impossible for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's public position to enjoy a real vacation unless he is absolutely cut off from the post-office, the telegraph, and the telephone.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

Buda-Pesth, Hungary, April 18, 1910.

THE POWER

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

I do not think that you will ever know
How, as your scoffing critics come and go,
  One shadow-silent, set apart from you,
  Counts all your weaknesses but surface-true,
Veiling a clear, strong soul that, held in trance,
Waits to be roused by sudden circumstance
  And valiant spirit, born to rise supreme:
  One heart has faith in these, howso you seem.
Faith in that faith's own might shall yet prevail
(However, to men's eyes, you slip and fail),
  And, recking not how wastrel years have passed,
  Believe you into what you *are*, at last!

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THE WORLD MOVEMENT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, MAY 12, 1910

I VERY highly appreciate the chance to address the University of Berlin in the year that closes its first centenary of existence. It is difficult for you in the Old World fully to appreciate the feelings of a man who comes from a nation still in the making, to a country with an immemorial historic past; and especially is this the case when that country, with its ancient past behind it, yet looks with proud confidence into the future, and in the present shows all the abounding vigor of lusty youth. Such is the case with Germany. More than a thousand years have passed since the Roman Empire of the West became in fact a German Empire. Throughout mediæval times the Empire and the Papacy were the two central features in the history of the Occident. With the Ottos and the Henrys began the slow rise of that Western life which has shaped modern Europe, and therefore ultimately the whole modern world. Their task was to organize society and to keep it from crumbling to pieces. They were castle-builders, city-founders, road-makers; they battled to bring order out of the seething turbulence around them; and at the same time they first beat back heathendom and then slowly wrested from it its possessions.

After the downfall of Rome and the breaking in sunder of the Roman Empire, the first real crystallization of the forces that were working for a new uplift of civilization in Western Europe was round the Karling House, and, above all, round the great Emperor, Karl the Great, the seat of whose Empire was at Aachen. Under the Karlings the Arab and the Moor were driven back beyond the Pyrenees; the last of the old heathen Germans were forced into Christianity, and the Avars, wild horsemen from the Asian steppes, who had long held tented dominion in Middle Europe, were utterly destroyed. With the break-up of the Karling Empire came chaos once more, and a fresh inrush of savagery: Vikings from the frozen North, and new hordes of outlandish riders from Asia. It was the early Emperors of Germany proper who quelled these barbarians; in their time Dane and Norseman and Magyar became Christians, and most of the Slav peoples as well, so that Europe began to take on a shape which we can recognize to-day. Since then the centuries have rolled by, with strange alternations of fortune, now well-nigh barren, and again great with German achievement in arms and in government, in science and the arts. The center of power shifted hither and thither within German lands; the great house of Hohenzollern rose, the house which has at last seen Germany spring into a commanding position in the very forefront among the nations of mankind.

To this ancient land, with its glorious past and splendid present, to this land of many memories and of eager hopes, I come from a young nation, which is by blood akin to, and yet different from, each of the great nations of Middle and Western Europe; which has inherited or acquired much from each, but is changing and developing every inheritance and acquisition into something new and strange. The German strain in our blood is large, for almost from the beginning there has been a large German element among the successive waves of newcomers whose children's children have been and are being fused into the American nation; and I myself trace my origin to that branch of the Low Dutch stock which raised Holland out of the North Sea. Moreover, we have taken from you, not only much of the blood that runs through our veins, but much of the thought that shapes our minds. For generations American scholars have flocked to your universities, and, thanks to the wise foresight of his Imperial Majesty the present Emperor, the intimate and friendly connection between the two countries is now in every way closer than it has ever been before.

Germany is pre-eminently a country in which the world movement of to-day in

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all of its multitudinous aspects is plainly visible. The life of this University covers the period during which that movement has spread until it is felt throughout every continent; while its velocity has been constantly accelerating, so that the face of the world has changed, and is now changing, as never before. It is therefore fit and appropriate here to speak on this subject.

When, in the slow procession of the ages, man was developed on this planet, the change worked by his appearance was at first slight. Further ages passed, while he groped and struggled by infinitesimal degrees upward through the lower grades of savagery; for the general law is that life which is advanced and complex, whatever its nature, changes more quickly than simpler and less advanced forms. The life of savages changes and advances with extreme slowness, and groups of savages influence one another but little. The first rudimentary beginnings of that complex life of communities which we call civilization marked a period when man had already long been by far the most important creature on the planet. The history of the living world had become, in fact, the history of man, and therefore something totally different in kind as well as in degree from what it had been before. There are interesting analogies between what has gone on in the development of life generally and what has gone on in the development of human society, and these I shall discuss elsewhere. But the differences are profound, and go to the root of things.

Throughout their early stages the movements of civilization—for, properly speaking, there was no one movement—were very slow, were local in space, and were partial in the sense that each developed along but few lines. Of the numberless years that covered these early stages we have no record. They were the years that saw such extraordinary discoveries and inventions as fire, and the wheel, and the bow, and the domestication of animals. So local were these inventions that at the present day there yet linger savage tribes, still fixed in the half-bestial life of an infinitely remote past, who know none of them except fire—and the discovery and use of fire may have marked, not the beginning of civilization, but the beginning of the savagery which separated man from brute.

Even after civilization and culture had achieved a relatively high position, they were still purely local, and from this fact subject to violent shocks. Modern research has shown the existence in prehistoric, or at least proto-historic, times of many peoples who, in given localities, achieved a high and peculiar culture, a culture that was later so completely destroyed that it is difficult to say what, if any, traces it left on the subsequent cultures out of which we have developed our own; while it is also difficult to say exactly how much any one of these cultures influenced any other. In many cases, as where invaders with weapons of bronze or iron conquered the neolithic peoples, the higher civilization completely destroyed the lower civilization, or barbarism, with which it came in contact. In other cases, while superiority in culture gave its possessors at the beginning a marked military and governmental superiority over the neighboring peoples, yet sooner or later there accompanied it a certain softness or enervating quality which left the cultured folk at the mercy of the stark and greedy neighboring tribes, in whose savage souls cupidity gradually overcame terror and awe. Then the people that had been struggling upward would be engulfed, and the leveling waves of barbarism wash over them. But we are not yet in position to speak definitely on these matters. It is only the researches of recent years that have enabled us so much as to guess at the course of events in prehistoric Greece; while as yet we can hardly even hazard a guess as to how, for instance, the Hallstadt culture rose and fell, or as to the history and fate of the builders of those strange ruins of which Stonehenge is the type.

The first civilizations which left behind them clear records rose in that hoary historic past which geologically is part of the immediate present—and which is but a span's length from the present, even when compared only with the length of time that man has lived on this planet. These first civilizations were those which rose in Mesopotamia and the Nile valley some six or eight thousand years ago.

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As far as we can see, they were well-nigh independent centers of cultural development, and our knowledge is not such at present as to enable us to connect either with the early cultural movements in southwestern Europe on the one hand, or in India on the other, or with that Chinese civilization which has been so profoundly affected by Indian influences.

Compared with the civilizations with which we are best acquainted, the striking features in the Mesopotamian and Nilotic civilizations were the length of time they endured and their comparative changelessness. The kings, priests, and peoples who dwelt by the Nile or Euphrates are found thinking much the same thoughts, doing much the same deeds, leaving at least very similiar records, while time passes in tens of centuries. Of course there was change; of course there were action and reaction in influence between them and their neighbors; and the movement of change, of development, material, mental, spiritual, was much faster than anything that had occurred during the æons of mere savagery. But in contradistinction to modern times the movement was very slow indeed, and, moreover, in each case it was strongly localized; while the field of endeavor was narrow. There were certain conquests by man over nature; there were certain conquests in the domain of pure intellect; there were certain extensions which spread the area of civilized mankind. But it would be hard to speak of it as a "world movement" at all; for by far the greater part of the habitable globe was not only unknown, but its existence unguessed at, so far as peoples with any civilization whatsoever were concerned.

With the downfall of these ancient civilizations there sprang into prominence those peoples with whom our own cultural history may be said to begin. Those ideas and influences in our lives which we can consciously trace back at all are in the great majority of instances to be traced to the Jew, the Greek, or the Roman; and the ordinary man, when he speaks of the nations of antiquity, has in mind specifically these three peoples—although, judged even by the history of which we have record, theirs is a very modern antiquity indeed.

The case of the Jew was quite exceptional. His was a small nation, of little more consequence than the sister nations of Moab and Damascus, until all three, and the other petty states of the country, fell under the yoke of the alien. Then he survived, while all his fellows died. In the spiritual domain he contributed a religion which has been the most potent of all factors in its effect on the subsequent history of mankind; but none of his other contributions compare with the legacies left us by the Greek and the Roman.

The Græco-Roman world saw a civilization far more brilliant, far more varied and intense, than any that had gone before it, and one that affected a far larger share of the world's surface. For the first time there began to be something which at least foreshadowed a "world movement" in the sense that it affected a considerable portion of the world's surface and that it represented what was incomparably the most important of all that was happening in world history at the time. In breadth and depth the field of intellectual interest had greatly broadened at the same time that the physical area affected by the civilization had similarly extended. Instead of a civilization affecting only one river valley or one nook of the Mediterranean, there was a civilization which directly or indirectly influenced mankind from the Desert of Sahara to the Baltic, from the Atlantic Ocean to the westernmost mountain chains that spring from the Himalayas. Throughout most of this region there began to work certain influences which, though with widely varying intensity, did nevertheless tend to affect a large portion of mankind. In many of the forms of science, in almost all the forms of art, there was great activity. In addition to great soldiers there were great administrators and statesmen whose concern was with the fundamental questions of social and civil life. Nothing like the width and variety of intellectual achievement and understanding had ever before been known; and for the first time we come across great intellectual leaders, great philosophers and writers, whose works are a part of all that is highest in modern thought, whose writings are as alive to-day as when they were first issued; and there

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were others of even more daring and original temper, a philosopher like Democritus, a poet like Lucretius, whose minds leaped ahead through the centuries and saw what none of their contemporaries saw, but who were so hampered by their surroundings that it was physically impossible for them to leave to the later world much concrete addition to knowledge. The civilization was one of comparatively rapid change, viewed by the standard of Babylon and Memphis. There was incessant movement; and, moreover, the whole system went down with a crash to seeming destruction after a period short compared with that covered by the reigns of a score of Egyptian dynasties, or with the time that elapsed between a Babylonian defeat by Elam and a war sixteen centuries later which fully avenged it.

This civilization flourished with brilliant splendor. Then it fell. In its northern seats it was overwhelmed by a wave of barbarism from among those half-savage peoples from whom you and I, my hearers, trace our descent. In the south and east it was destroyed later, but far more thoroughly, by invaders of an utterly different type. Both conquests were of great importance; but it was the northern conquest which in its ultimate effects was of by far the greatest importance.

With the advent of the Dark Ages the movement of course ceased, and it did not begin anew for many centuries; while a thousand years passed before it was once more in full swing, so far as European civilization, so far as the world civilization of to-day, is concerned. During all those centuries the civilized world, in our acceptation of the term, was occupied, as its chief task, in slowly climbing back to the position from which it had fallen after the age of the Antonines. Of course a general statement like this must be accepted with qualifications. There is no hard and fast line between one age or period and another, and in no age is either progress or retrogression universal in all things. There were many points in which the Middle Ages, because of the simple fact that they were Christian, surpassed the brilliant pagan civilization of the past; and there are some points in which the civilization that succeeded them has sunk below the level of the ages which saw such mighty masterpieces of poetry, of architecture—especially cathedral architecture—and of serene spiritual and forceful lay leadership. But they were centuries of violence, rapine, and cruel injustice; and truth was so little heeded that the noble and daring spirits who sought it, especially in its scientific form, did so in deadly peril of the fagot and the halter.

During this period there were several very important extra-European movements, one or two of which deeply affected Europe. Islam arose, and conquered far and wide, uniting fundamentally different races into a brotherhood of feeling which Christianity has never been able to rival, and at the time of the Crusades profoundly influencing European culture. It produced a civilization of its own, brilliant and here and there useful, but hopelessly limited when compared with the civilization of which we ourselves are the heirs. The great cultured peoples of southeastern and eastern Asia continued their checkered development totally unaffected by, and without knowledge of, any European influence.

Throughout the whole period there came against Europe, out of the unknown wastes of central Asia, an endless succession of strange and terrible conqueror races whose mission was mere destruction—Hun and Avar, Mongol, Tartar, and Turk. These fierce and squalid tribes of warrior horsemen flailed mankind with red scourges, wasted and destroyed, and then vanished from the ground they had overrun. But in no way worth noting did they count in the advance of mankind.

At last, a little over four hundred years ago, the movement towards a world civilization took up its interrupted march. The beginning of the modern movement may roughly be taken as synchronizing with the discovery of printing, and with that series of bold sea ventures which culminated in the discovery of America; and after these two epochal feats had begun to produce their full effects in material and intellectual life, it became inevitable that civilization should thereafter differ not only in degree but even in kind from all that had gone before. Immediately after the voyage of Columbus and Vasco da Gama there began a tremendous religious fer-

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ment; the awakening of intellect went hand in hand with the moral uprising; the great names of Copernicus, Bruno, Kepler, and Galileo show that the mind of man was breaking the fetters that had cramped it; and for the first time experimentation was used as a check upon observation and theorization. Since then, century by century, the changes have increased in rapidity and complexity, and have attained their maximum in both respects during the century just past. Instead of being directed by one or two dominant peoples, as was the case with all similar movements of the past, the new movement was shared by many different nations. From every standpoint it has been of infinitely greater moment than anything hitherto seen. Not in one but in many different peoples there has been extraordinary growth in wealth, in population, in power of organization, and in mastery over mechanical activity and natural resources. All of this has been accompanied and signalized by an immense outburst of energy and restless initiative. The result is as varied as it is striking.

In the first place, representatives of this civilization, by their conquest of space, were enabled to spread into all the practically vacant continents, while at the same time, by their triumphs in organization and mechanical invention, they acquired an unheard-of military superiority as compared with their former rivals. To these two facts is primarily due the further fact that for the first time there is really something that approaches a world civilization, a world movement. The spread of the European peoples since the days of Ferdinand the Catholic and Ivan the Terrible has been across every sea and over every continent. In places the conquests have been ethnic; that is, there has been a new wandering of the peoples, and new commonwealths have sprung up in which the people are entirely or mainly of European blood. This is what happened in the temperate and sub-tropical regions of the Western Hemisphere, in Australia, in portions of northern Asia and southern Africa. In other places the conquest has been purely political, the Europeans representing for the most part merely a small caste of soldiers and administrators, as in most of tropical Asia and Africa and in much of tropical America. Finally, here and there instances occur where there has been no conquest at all, but where an alien people is profoundly and radically changed by the mere impact of Western civilization. The most extraordinary instance of this, of course, is Japan; for Japan's growth and change during the last half-century has been in many ways the most striking phenomenon of all history. Intensely proud of her past history, intensely loyal to certain of her past traditions, she has yet with a single effort wrenched herself free from all hampering ancient ties, and with a bound has taken her place among the leading civilized nations of mankind.

There are of course many grades between these different types of influence, but the net outcome of what has occurred during the last four centuries is that civilization of the European type now exercises a more or less profound effect over practically the entire world. There are nooks and corners to which it has not yet penetrated; but there is at present no large space of territory in which the general movement of civilized activity does not make itself more or less felt. This represents something wholly different from what has ever hitherto been seen. In the greatest days of Roman dominion the influence of Rome was felt over only a relatively small portion of the world's surface. Over much the larger part of the world the process of change and development was absolutely unaffected by anything that occurred in the Roman Empire; and those communities the play of whose influence was felt in action and reaction, and in inter-action, among themselves, were grouped immediately around the Mediterranean. Now, however, the whole world is bound together as never before; the bonds are sometimes those of hatred rather than love, but they are bonds nevertheless.

Frowning or hopeful, every man of leadership in any line of thought or effort must now look beyond the limits of his own country. The student of sociology may live in Berlin or St. Petersburg, Rome or London, or he may live in Melbourne or San Francisco or Buenos Aires; but in whatever city he lives, he must pay heed to the studies of men who live in each of the other cities. When in America we

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study labor problems and attempt to deal with subjects such as life insurance for wage-workers, we turn to see what you do here in Germany, and we also turn to see what the far-off commonwealth of New Zealand is doing. When a great German scientist is warring against the most dreaded enemies of mankind, creatures of infinitesimal size which the microscope reveals in his blood, he may spend his holidays of study in central Africa or in eastern Asia; and he must know what is accomplished in the laboratories of Tokyo, just as he must know the details of that practical application of science which has changed the Isthmus of Panama from a death-trap into what is almost a health resort. Every progressive in China is striving to introduce Western methods of education and administration, and hundreds of European and American books are now translated into Chinese. The influence of European governmental principles is strikingly illustrated by the fact that admiration for them has broken down the iron barriers of Moslem conservatism, so that their introduction has become a burning question in Turkey and Persia; while the very unrest, the impatience of European or American control, in India, Egypt, or the Philippines, takes the form of demanding that the government be assimilated more closely to what it is in England or the United States. The deeds and works of any great statesman, the preachings of any great ethical, social, or political teacher, now find echoes in both hemispheres and in every continent. From a new discovery in science to a new method of combating or applying Socialism, there is no movement of note which can take place in any part of the globe without powerfully affecting masses of people in Europe, America, and Australia, in Asia and Africa. For weal or for woe, the peoples of mankind are knit together far closer than ever before.

So much for the geographical side of the expansion of modern civilization. But only a few of the many and intense activities of modern civilization have found their expression on this side. The movement has been just as striking in its conquest over natural forces, in its searching inquiry into and about the soul of things.

The conquest over Nature has included an extraordinary increase in every form of knowledge of the world we live in, and also an extraordinary increase in the power of utilizing the forces of Nature. In both directions the advance has been very great during the past four or five centuries, and in both directions it has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity during the last century. After the great age of Rome had passed, the boundaries of knowledge shrank, and in many cases it was not until well-nigh our own times that her domain was once again pushed beyond the ancient landmarks. About the year 150 A.D., Ptolemy, the geographer, published his map of central Africa and the sources of the Nile, and this map was more accurate than any which we had as late as 1850 A.D. More was known of physical science, and more of the truth about the physical world was guessed at, in the days of Pliny, than was known or guessed until the modern movement began. The case was the same as regards military science. At the close of the Middle Ages the weapons were what they had always been—sword, shield, bow, spear; and any improvement in them was more than offset by the loss in knowledge of military organization, in the science of war, and in military leadership since the days of Hannibal and Cæsar. A hundred years ago, when this University was founded, the methods of transportation did not differ in the essentials from what they had been among the highly civilized nations of antiquity. Travelers and merchandise went by land in wheeled vehicles or on beasts of burden, and by sea in boats propelled by sails or by oars; and news was conveyed as it always had been conveyed. What improvements there had been had been in degree only and not in kind; and in some respects there had been retrogression rather than advance. There were many parts of Europe where the roads were certainly worse than the old Roman post-roads; and the Mediterranean Sea, for instance, was by no means as well policed as in the days of Trajan. Now steam and electricity have worked a complete revolution; and the resulting immensely increased ease of communication has in its turn completely changed all the physical questions of human life. A voyage from Egypt to England was

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nearly as serious an affair in the eighteenth century as in the second; and the news communications between the two lands were not materially improved. A graduate of your University to-day can go to mid-Asia or mid-Africa with far less consciousness of performing a feat of note than would have been the case a hundred years ago with a student who visited Sicily and Andalusia. Moreover, the invention and use of machinery run by steam or electricity have worked a revolution in industry as great as the revolution in transportation; so that here again the difference between ancient and modern civilization is one not merely of degree but of kind. In many vital respects the huge modern city differs more from all preceding cities than any of these differed one from the other; and the giant factory town is of and by itself one of the most formidable problems of modern life.

Steam and electricity have given the race dominion over land and water such as it never had before; and now the conquest of the air is directly impending. As books preserve thought through time, so the telegraph and the telephone transmit it through the space they annihilate, and therefore minds are swayed one by another without regard to the limitations of space and time which formerly forced each community to work in comparative isolation. It is the same with the body as with the brain. The machinery of the factory and the farm enormously multiplies bodily skill and vigor. Countless trained intelligences are at work to teach us how to avoid or counteract the effects of waste. Of course some of the agents in the modern scientific development of natural resources deal with resources of such a kind that their development means their destruction, so that exploitation on a grand scale means an intense rapidity of development purchased at the cost of a speedy exhaustion. The enormous and constantly increasing output of coal and iron necessarily means the approach of the day when our children's children, or their children's children, shall dwell in an ironless age—and, later on, in an age without coal—and will have to try to invent or develop new sources for the production of heat and use of energy. But as regards many another natural resource, scientific civilization teaches us how to preserve it through use. The best use of field and forest will leave them decade by decade, century by century, more fruitful; and we have barely begun to use the indestructible power that comes from harnessed water. The conquests of surgery, of medicine, the conquests in the entire field of hygiene and sanitation, have been literally marvelous; the advances in the past century or two have been over more ground than was covered during the entire previous history of the human race.

The advances in the realm of pure intellect have been of equal note, and they have been both intensive and extensive. Great virgin fields of learning and wisdom have been discovered by the few, and at the same time knowledge has spread among the many to a degree never dreamed of before. Old men among us have seen in their own generation the rise of the first rational science of the evolution of life. The astronomer and the chemist, the psychologist and the historian, and all their brethren in many different fields of wide endeavor, work with a training and knowledge and method which are in effect instruments of precision, differentiating their labors from the labors of their predecessors as the rifle is differentiated from the bow.

The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and the body. Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousand fold the intensity with which it acted in former ages. Over the whole earth the swing of the pendulum grows more and more rapid, the mainspring coils and spreads at a rate constantly quickening, the whole world movement is of constantly accelerating velocity.

In this movement there are signs of much that bodes ill. The machinery is so highly geared, the tension and strain are so great, the effort and the output have alike so increased, that there is cause to dread the ruin that would come from any great accident, from any breakdown, and also the ruin that may come from the mere wearing out of the machine itself. The only previous civilization with which our modern civilization can be in any way compared is that period of Græco-Roman

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civilization extending, say, from the Athens of Themistocles to the Rome of Marcus Aurelius. Many of the forces and tendencies which were then at work are at work now. Knowledge, luxury, and refinement, wide material conquests, territorial administration on a vast scale, an increase in the mastery of mechanical appliances and in applied science—all these mark our civilization as they marked the wonderful civilization that flourished in the Mediterranean lands twenty centuries ago; and they preceded the downfall of the older civilization. Yet the differences are many, and some of them are quite as striking as the similarities. The single fact that the old civilization was based upon slavery shows the chasm that separates the two. Let me point out one further and very significant difference in the development of the two civilizations, a difference so obvious that it is astonishing that it has not been dwelt upon by men of letters.

One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives, there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into their manliness of fiber. The barbarian, because of the very conditions of his life, is forced to keep and develop certain hardy qualities which the man of civilization tends to lose, whether he be clerk, factory hand, merchant, or even a certain type of farmer. Now I will not assert that in modern civilized society these tendencies have been wholly overcome; but there has been a much more successful effort to overcome them than was the case in the early civilizations. This is curiously shown by the military history of the Græco-Roman period as compared with the history of the last four or five centuries here in Europe and among nations of European descent. In the Grecian and Roman military history the change was steadily from a citizen army to an army of mercenaries. In the days of the early greatness of Athens, Thebes, and Sparta, in the days when the Roman Republic conquered what world it knew, the armies were filled with citizen soldiers. But gradually the citizens refused to serve in the armies, or became unable to render good service. The Greek states described by Polybius, with but few exceptions, hired others to do their fighting for them. The Romans of the days of Augustus had utterly ceased to furnish any cavalry, and were rapidly ceasing to furnish any infantry, to the legions and cohorts. When the civilization came to an end, there were no longer citizens in the ranks of the soldiers. The change from the citizen army to the army of mercenaries had been completed.

Now, the exact reverse has been the case with us in modern times. A few centuries ago the mercenary soldier was the principal figure in most armies, and in great numbers of cases the mercenary soldier was an alien. In the wars of religion in France, in the Thirty Years' War in Germany, in the wars that immediately thereafter marked the beginning of the break-up of the great Polish Kingdom, the regiments and brigades of foreign soldiers formed a striking and leading feature in every army. Too often the men of the country in which the fighting took place played merely the ignoble part of victims, the burghers and peasants appearing in but limited numbers in the mercenary armies by which they were plundered. Gradually this has all changed, until now practically every army is a citizen army, and the mercenary has almost disappeared, while the army exists on a vaster scale than ever before in history. This is so among the military monarchies of Europe. In our own Civil War of the United States the same thing occurred, peaceful people as we are. At that time more than two generations had passed since the War of Independence. During the whole of that period the people had been engaged in no life-and-death struggle; and yet, when the Civil War broke out, and after some costly and bitter lessons at the beginning, the fighting spirit of the people was shown to better advantage than ever before. The war was peculiarly a war for a principle, a war waged by each side for an ideal, and while faults and shortcomings were plentiful among the combatants, there was comparatively little sordidness of motive or conduct. In such a giant struggle, where across the warp of so many interests is shot the woof of so many purposes, dark strands and bright, strands somber and

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brilliant, are always intertwined; inevitably there was corruption here and there in the Civil War; but all the leaders on both sides, and the great majority of the enormous masses of fighting men, wholly disregarded, and were wholly uninfluenced by, pecuniary considerations. There were of course foreigners who came over to serve as soldiers of fortune for money or for love of adventure; but the foreign-born citizens served in much the same proportion as, and from the same motives as, the native-born. Taken as a whole, it was, even more than the Revolutionary War, a true citizens' fight, and the armies of Grant and Lee were as emphatically citizen armies as Athenian, Theban, or Spartan armies in the great age of Greece, or as a Roman army in the days of the Republic.

Another striking contrast in the course of modern civilization as compared with the later stages of the Græco-Roman or classic civilization is to be found in the relations of wealth and politics. In classic times, as the civilization advanced toward its zenith, politics became a recognized means of accumulating great wealth. Cæsar was again and again on the verge of bankruptcy; he spent an enormous fortune; and he recouped himself by the money which he made out of his political-military career. Augustus established Imperial Rome on firm foundations by the use he made of the huge fortune he had acquired by plunder. What a contrast is offered by the careers of Washington and Lincoln! There were a few exceptions in ancient days; but the immense majority of the Greeks and the Romans, as their civilizations culminated, accepted money-making on a large scale as one of the incidents of a successful public career. Now all of this is in sharp contrast to what has happened within the last two or three centuries. During this time there has been a steady growth away from the theory that money-making is permissible in an honorable public career. In this respect the standard has been constantly elevated, and things which statesmen had no hesitation in doing three centuries or two centuries ago, and which did not seriously hurt a public career even a century ago, are now utterly impossible. Wealthy men still exercise a large, and sometimes an improper, influence in politics, but it is apt to be an indirect influence; and in the advanced states the mere suspicion that the wealth of public men is obtained or added to as an incident of their public careers will bar them from public life. Speaking generally, wealth may very greatly influence modern political life, but it is not acquired in political life. The colonial administrators, German or American, French or English, of this generation lead careers which, as compared with the careers of other men of like ability, show too little rather than too much regard for money-making; and literally a world scandal would be caused by conduct which a Roman proconsul would have regarded as moderate, and which would not have been especially uncommon even in the administration of England a century and a half ago. On the whole, the great statesmen of the last few generations have been either men of moderate means, or, if men of wealth, men whose wealth was diminished rather than increased by their public services.

I have dwelt on these points merely because it is well to emphasize in the most emphatic fashion the fact that in many respects there is a complete lack of analogy between the civilization of to-day and the only other civilization in any way comparable to it, that of the ancient Græco-Roman lands. There are, of course, many points in which the analogy is close, and in some of these points the resemblances are as ominous as they are striking. But most striking of all is the fact that in point of physical extent, of wide diversity of interest, and of extreme velocity of movement, the present civilization can be compared to nothing that has ever gone before. It is now literally a world movement, and the movement is growing ever more rapid and is ever reaching into new fields. Any considerable influence exerted at one point is certain to be felt with greater or less effect at almost every other point. Every path of activity open to the human intellect is followed with an eagerness and success never hitherto dreamed of. We have established complete liberty of conscience, and, in consequence, a complete liberty for mental activity. All free and daring souls have before them a well-nigh limitless opening for endeavor of any kind.

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Hitherto every civilization that has arisen has been able to develop only a comparatively few activities; that is, its field of endeavor has been limited in kind as well as in locality. There have, of course, been great movements, but they were of practically only one form of activity; and although usually this set in motion other kinds of activities, such was not always the case. The great religious movements have been the pre-eminent examples of this type. But they are not the only ones. Such peoples as the Mongols and the Phœnicians, at almost opposite poles of cultivation, have represented movements in which one element, military or commercial, so overshadowed all other elements that the movement died out chiefly because it was one-sided. The extraordinary outburst of activity among the Mongols of the thirteenth century was almost purely a military movement, without even any great administrative side; and it was therefore well-nigh purely a movement of destruction. The individual prowess and hardihood of the Mongols, and the perfection of their military organization, rendered their armies incomparably superior to those of any European, or any other Asiatic, power of that day. They conquered from the Yellow Sea to the Persian Gulf and the Adriatic; they seized the Imperial throne of China; they slew the Caliph in Bagdad; they founded dynasties in India. The fanaticism of Christianity and the fanaticism of Mohammedanism were alike powerless against them. The valor of the bravest fighting men in Europe was impotent to check them. They trampled Russia into bloody mire beneath the hoofs of their horses; they drew red furrows of destruction across Poland and Hungary; they overthrew with ease any force from western Europe that dared encounter them. Yet they had no root of permanence; their work was mere evil while it lasted, and it did not last long; and when they vanished they left hardly a trace behind them. So the extraordinary Phœnician civilization was almost purely a mercantile, a business civilization, and though it left an impress on the life that came after, this impress was faint indeed compared to that left, for instance, by the Greeks with their many-sided development. Yet the Greek civilization itself fell, because this many-sided development became too exclusively one of intellect, at the expense of character, at the expense of the fundamental qualities which fit men to govern both themselves and others. When the Greek lost the sterner virtues, when his soldiers lost the fighting edge, and his statesmen grew corrupt, while the people became a faction-torn and pleasure-loving rabble, then the doom of Greece was at hand, and not all their cultivation, their intellectual brilliancy, their artistic development, their adroitness in speculative science, could save the Hellenic peoples as they bowed before the sword of the iron Roman.

What is the lesson to us to-day? Are we to go the way of the older civilizations? The immense increase in the area of civilized activity to-day, so that it is nearly coterminous with the world's surface; the immense increase in the multitudinous variety of its activities; the immense increase in the velocity of the world movement—are all these to mean merely that the crash will be all the more complete and terrible when it comes? We cannot be certain that the answer will be in the negative; but of this we can be certain, that we shall not go down in ruin unless we deserve and earn our end. There is no necessity for us to fall; we can hew out our destiny for ourselves, if only we have the wit and the courage and the honesty.

Personally, I do not believe that our civilization will fall. I think that on the whole we have grown better and not worse. I think that on the whole the future holds more for us than even the great past has held. But, assuredly, the dreams of golden glory in the future will not come true unless, high of heart and strong of hand, by our own mighty deeds we make them come true. We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities, at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary, atrophied. Neither the military efficiency of the Mongol, the extraordinary business ability of the Phœnician, nor the subtle and polished intellect of the Greek availed to avert destruction.

We, the men of to-day and of the future, need many qualities if we are to do our work well. We need, first of all and most important of all, the qualities which

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stand at the base of individual, of family life, the fundamental and essential qualities—the homely, every-day, all-important virtues. If the average man will not work, if he has not in him the will and the power to be a good husband and father; if the average woman is not a good housewife, a good mother of many healthy children, then the State will topple, will go down, no matter what may be its brilliance of artistic development or material achievement. But these homely qualities are not enough. There must, in addition, be that power of organization, that power of working in common for a common end, which the German people have shown in such signal fashion during the last half-century. Moreover, the things of the spirit are even more important than the things of the body. We can well do without the hard intolerance and arid intellectual barrenness of what was worst in the theological systems of the past, but there has never been greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time. So, while we can laugh good-humoredly at some of the pretensions of modern philosophy in its various branches, it would be worse than folly on our part to ignore our need of intellectual leadership. Your own great Frederick once said that if he wished to punish a province he would leave it to be governed by philosophers; the sneer had in it an element of justice; and yet no one better than the great Frederick knew the value of philosophers, the value of men of science, men of letters, men of art. It would be a bad thing indeed to accept Tolstoy as a guide in social and moral matters; but it would also be a bad thing not to have Tolstoy, not to profit by the lofty side of his teachings. There are plenty of scientific men whose hard arrogance, whose cynical materialism, whose dogmatic intolerance, put them on a level with the bigoted mediæval ecclesiasticism which they denounce. Yet our debt to scientific men is incalculable, and our civilization of to-day would have reft from it all that which most highly distinguishes it if the work of the great masters of science during the past four centuries were now undone or forgotten. Never has philanthropy, humanitarianism, seen such development as now; and though we must all beware of the folly, and the viciousness no worse than folly, which marks the believer in the perfectibility of man when his heart runs away with his head, or when vanity usurps the place of conscience, yet we must remember also that it is only by working along the lines laid down by the philanthropists, by the lovers of mankind, that we can be sure of lifting our civilization to a higher and more permanent plane of well-being than was ever attained by any preceding civilization. Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it; and woe thrice over to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge, loses the power to serve as a soldier if the day of need should arise.

It is no impossible dream to build up a civilization in which morality, ethical development, and a true feeling of brotherhood shall all alike be divorced from false sentimentality, and from the rancorous and evil passions which, curiously enough, so often accompany professions of sentimental attachment to the rights of man; in which a high material development in the things of the body shall be achieved without subordination of the things of the soul; in which there shall be a genuine desire for peace and justice without loss of those virile qualities without which no love of peace or justice shall avail any race; in which the fullest development of scientific research, the great distinguishing feature of our present civilization, shall yet not imply a belief that intellect can ever take the place of character—for, from the standpoint of the nation as of the individual, it is character that is the one vital possession.

Finally, this world movement of civilization, this movement which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which in the present stage of the world's progress is essential to the world's well-being. You, my hearers, and I who speak to you, belong to different nations. Under modern conditions the books we read, the news sent by telegraph to our newspapers, the strangers we meet, half of the things

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we hear and do each day, all tend to bring us into touch with other peoples. Each people can do justice to itself only if it does justice to others; but each people can do its part in the world movement for all only if it first does its duty within its own household. The good citizen must be a good citizen of his own country first before he can with advantage be a citizen of the world at large. I wish you well. I believe in you and your future. I admire and wonder at the extraordinary greatness and variety of your achievements in so many and such widely different fields; and my admiration and regard are all the greater, and not the less, because I am so profound a believer in the institutions and the people of my own land.

THE COUNTRY ROAD

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

ON a June day, years ago, I was walking along our country road. At the top of a steep little hill I paused to rest and let my eyes luxuriate in the billowing greens and tender blues of the valley below. While I stood there my neighbor came slowly up from the garden, her apron over her head, a basket of green peas on her arm.

"What a view you have up here on your hill!" I said.

She drew back her apron and turned to look off. "Yes," she said indulgently, "ye-e-s." Then her face brightened and she turned to me with real animation: "But it's better in winter when the leaves is off, 'n you c'n see the passin' on the lower road."

Fresh from the city as I was, with all its prejudices and intolerance upon me, I was partly amused, partly irritated, by her answer. So all this glory of greenness, all this wonder of the June woodland, was merely tolerated, while the baffled observer waited for the leaves to be "off"! And all for the sake of seeing—what? A few lumber wagons, forsooth, loaded with ties for the railway, a few cows driven along morning and evening, a few children trudging to and from school, the postman's buggy on its daily rounds, twice a week the meat cart, once a week the grocery wagon, once a month the "tea man," and now and then a neighbor's team on its way to the feed store or the blacksmith's shop down at "the Corners."

For this, then—not for the beauty of the winter landscape, but for this poor procession of wayfarers, my neighbors waited with impatience. If I could, I would have snatched up their view bodily and carried it off with me, back to my own farm for my own particular delectation. It should never again have shoved itself in their way.

But since that time I have lived longer in the country. If I have not made it my home for all twelve months, I have dwelt in it from early April to mid-December, and now, when I think of my neighbor's remark, it is with growing comprehension. I realize that I, in my patronizing one-sidedness, was quite wrong.

City folk go to the country, as they say, to "get away"—justifiable enough, perhaps, or perhaps not. They seek spots remote from the centers; they choose deserted districts, untraveled roads; they criticise their ancestors unmercifully for their custom of building houses close to the road and keeping the front door-yard clear of shrubbery. But they who built those homes which are our summer refuge did not want to get away; they wanted to get together. The country was not their respite, it was their life, and the road was to them the emblem of race solidarity—nay, more than the emblem, it was the means to it. This is still the case with the country people, and as I live among them I am coming to a realization of the meaning of the Road.

In the city one can never get just this. There are streets, of course, but by their very multiplicity and complexity they lose their individual impressiveness and are

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merged in that great whole, the City. One recoils from them and takes refuge in the sense of one's own home.

But in the country there is just the Road. Recoil from it? One's heart goes out to it. The Road is a part of home, the part that reaches out to our friends and draws them to us or brings us to them. It is our outdoor club-house, it is the avenue of the Expected and the Unexpected, it is the Home Road.

In a sense it does no more for us, and in some ways much less, than our city streets do. Along these, too, our tradesmen's carts come to our doors, along these our friends must fare as they arrive or depart; we seek the streets at our outgoings and our incomings. But they are, after all, strictly a means. We use them, but when we enter our homes we forget them, or try to. Our individual share in the street is not large. So much goes on and goes by that has only the most general bearing on our interests that we cease to give it our attention at all. It is not good form to watch the street, because it is not worth while. When children's voices fly in at our windows, we assume that they are other people's children, and they usually are. When we hear teams, we expect them to go by, and they usually do. When we hear a cab door slam, we take it for granted that it is before some other house, and usually it is. And if, having nothing better to do, we perchance walk to the window and glance out between the curtains, we are repaid by seeing nothing interesting and by feeling a little shamefaced besides.

Not so in the country. What happens along the Road is usually our intimate concern. Most of those who go by on it are our own acquaintances and neighbors, and are interesting as such. The rest are strangers, and interesting as *such*. For it is the rarity of the stranger that gives him his piquancy.

And so in the country it is both good form and worth while to watch the Road—to "keep an eye out," as they say. When Jonathan and I first came to the farm, we were encased in a hard incrustation of city ways. When teams passed, we did not look up; when a wagon rattled, we did not know whose it was, and we said we did not care. When one of our neighbors remarked, casually, "Heard Bill Smith's team go by at half-past eleven last night. Wonder if the's anythin' wrong down his way," we stared at one another in amazement, and wondered, "Now, how in the world did he know it was Bill Smith's team?" We smiled over the story of a postmistress who had the ill luck to be selling stamps when a carriage passed. She hastily shoved them out, and ran to the side window—too late! "Sakes!" she sighed; "that's the second I've missed to-day!" We smiled, but I know now that if I had been in that postmistress's place I should have felt exactly as she did.

When we began to realize the change in ourselves, we were at first rather sheepish and apologetic about it. We fell into the way of sitting where we could naturally glance out of the windows, but we did this casually, as if by chance, and said nothing about it. When August came, and dusk fell early and lamps were lighted at supper-time, I drew down the shades. But one night Jonathan said, carelessly, "Why do you pull them all the way down?" "Why not?" I asked, with perhaps just a suspicion. "Oh," he said, "it always seems so cheerful from the road to look in at a lighted window."

I left them up, but I noticed that Jonathan kept a careful eye on the shadowy road outside. Was he trying to cheer it by pleasant looks, I wondered, or was he just trying to see all that went by?

Jonathan's seat is not so good as mine for observation. A big Deutzia bush looms between the window and the road, while at my window only the tips of a waxberry bush obscure the view, and there is a door beside me. Therefore Jonathan was distinctly at a disadvantage. He offered to change seats, suggesting that there was a draft where I was, and that the light was bad for my eyes, but I found that I did not mind either of these things. One day a team passed while Jonathan was carving. He looked up too late, hesitated, then said, rather consciously: "Who was that? Did you see?"

"*I* don't know," I said, with a far-away, impersonal air, as though the matter had no interest for me. But I hadn't the heart to keep up the pose, and I added: "Perhaps you'll know. It was a white horse, and a business wagon with red

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wheels, and the man wore a soft felt hat, and there was a dog on the seat beside him." Before I had finished Jonathan was grinning delightedly. "Suppose we shake these city ways?" he said. He deliberately got up, raised the shades, pushed back a curtain, and moved a jug of goldenrod. "There! Can you see better now?" he asked. And I said cheerfully, "Yes, quite a good deal better. And after this, Jonathan, when you hear a team coming, why don't you stop carving till it goes by?"

"I will," said Jonathan.

It was our final capitulation, and since then we have been much more comfortable. We run to the window whenever we feel inclined, and we leave our shades up at dusk without apology or circumlocution. We are coming to know our neighbors' teams by their sound, and we are proud of it. Why, indeed, should we be ashamed of this human interest? Why should we be elated that we can recognize a bluebird by his flight, and ashamed of knowing our neighbor's old bay by his gait? Why should we boast of our power to recognize the least murmur of the deceptive grosbeak, and not take pride in being able to "spot" Bill Smith's team by the peculiar rattle of its board bottom as it crosses the bridge by the mill? Is he not of more value than many grosbeaks? But how can we love our neighbor if we do not pay some attention to him—him and his horse and his cart and all that is his? And how shall we pay attention to him if we neglect the opportunities of the Road, since for the rest he is busy and we are busy, and we belong each to our own farm?

I stopped at a friendly door one day to ask, "Have Phil and Jimmy gone by? I wanted to see them." "No, I haven't seen them." The bright-faced little lady stood in the doorway glancing over my shoulder out toward the sunny road. "Have you seen them to-day, Nellie?" she called into the dusky sitting-room. "No," she turned back to me, "we haven't seen them. And," she added, with gay directness, "nobody could get by the house *without* our seeing them; I'm sure of that!"

Her remark pleased me immensely. I like this frank interest in the Road very much. When I am at home, I have it myself, and I have stopped being ashamed of it. When I am on the Road, I like to know that I am an object of interest to the dwellers in the houses I pass. I look up at the windows, whose tiny panes reflect the brightness of outdoors and tell me nothing of the life within, and I like to think that some one behind them knows that I am going by. Often there is some sign of recognition—a motion of the hand through a parted curtain, or rarely a smiling face; now and then some one looks out from a doorway to send a greeting, or glances up from the garden or the well; but even without these tokens I still have the sense of being noticed, and I find it pleasant and companionable. In the city, when I go to see a friend, I approach a house that gives no sign. I mount to a non-committal vestibule and push an impersonal button, and after the other necessary preliminaries I find my friends. In the country as I drive up to the house I notice curtains stirring, I hear voices, and before I have had time to get out and find the hitch-rope every person in the house is either at the gate or standing in the doorway. Our visit is begun before we have left the Road, the hospitable, social Road. Such ways would probably not do for the city. So much the worse for the city. The country ways are best.

Everything that happens along the Road has the social touch. In the city orders are given by telephone, and when the delivery wagon comes, it sweeps up with a rush, the boy seizes a basket and jumps out, runs to the back door, shouts the name of the owner, slams down his goods, and dashes back to the wagon, with a crisp "Git up!" to the well-trained horse, who starts forward while his driver is still mounting to his seat.

Not so in the country. The wagon draws peacefully out to the side of the road, and the horse falls to nibbling grass if he is unchecked, or to browsing on my rosebushes if he is not. If it is the grocer's wagon, the boy comes around to the back porch and we discuss what supplies will probably be needed by the time of his next visit. Incidentally, we talk about weather and crops and woodchucks and trout, or bass or partridges, according to the season. If it is the meat cart or

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the fish wagon, I seize a platter and go out, the back flap of the cart is lifted up, I step under its shade and peer in, considering what is offered me and deciding what I will have plucked out for me to carry back to the house.

Besides the routine visitors, there are others—peddlers with wonderful collections of things to sell (whole clothing shops or furniture stores some of them bring with them), peddlers with books, peddlers with silver, peddlers with jewelry. In the course of a few months one is offered everything from shoestrings to stoves. There are men who want to buy, too—buyers of old iron, of old rags, of old rubber. "Anny-ting, anny-ting vat you vill sell me, madame, I vill buy it," said one, with outspread hands.

Cattle go by, great droves of them, being driven along the road and sold from farm to farm until all are gone. I love the day that brings them. A dust haze down the road, the mooing of cows and the baaing of calves, the shouts of the drovers, the sound of many hoofs, and the cattle are here. The farmer and the "hired man" leave their work and saunter out to the road to "look 'em over," the children come running out to watch the pretty creatures, sleek or tousled, soft-eyed or wild-eyed, yearlings with bits of horns, stocky two-year-olds, and wabbly-legged youngsters hardly able to keep pace with the rest, all of them glad enough of the chance to pause in the shade and nibble at the rich, cool grass. One or two of the "critters" are approved of perhaps, and bought, and the rest move on, the sunny dust haze rises and clears, the shouts of the drovers grow faint, and the road is still again.

Men go by looking for work; they will clean your well for you, they will file your horses' teeth for you, they will mend your umbrellas and repair your clocks and sharpen your scissors. In the city, when we hear the scissors-grinder ding-ding-dinging along the street, we wonder in an impersonal way how he makes a living, but in the country we espy him from afar and are out at the gate to meet him, with all the scissors and knives in the house.

There are tramps, too, of course. Not the kind one finds near cities, or in crowded summer watering-places. Our road does not lead to Rome, at least not very directly, and the tramp who chooses it is sure to be a mild and unenterprising creature, a desultory tramp who does not really know his business. Some of the same ones come back year after year, and, in defiance of modern sociological science, we offer them the hospitality of the back porch with sandwiches and coffee, while we exchange the commonplaces of the season. It is the custom of the Road.

And so the procession of the Road moves on. If we wait long enough—and it is not so long either—everything goes by; gay wedding parties, christening parties, slow funerals, the Road bears them all, and to those who live beside it nothing is alien, nothing indifferent. Throughout the week the daytime is for business—remembering always that on the country road business is never merely business, but always sociability too; the early evening is for pleasure; the night is for rest, for that stillness that cities never know, broken only when human necessity most sharply importunes, in the crises of birth, of death. On Sundays all the world drives to church, or sits on its door-step and watches the rest. And Sundays and week-days alike, every one's interest goes out to the Road.

I venture to say that when we think of our city homes we think of their interiors, but when we think of our farm-house homes we think of the Road as well. They are like little islands in a river, one remembers them together. For the Road is a river—a river of life. Most of our words about roads imply motion. A road comes, we say, and it goes, it sweeps, it curves, it climbs, it descends, it rises and drops, it bends and turns. And, in fact, it means movement, it is always bringing life and taking it again, or if for a time it does neither, it is always inviting, always promising. We have all felt it. As we are whirled along in a railway train even, the thing that stirs our imagination is the roads, the paths. I can still remember glimpses of these that I had years ago—a foot-path over a rounded hill-top through long yellow grass, a rough logging road beside a foaming mountain river, a brushy wood road leading through bars into deep shade, a country road at dusk, curving past a low farm-house with lights in the

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windows. I could never follow these roads, but I remember them still, and still they allure me.

Our Road, as it flows placidly past our farm, suggests nothing very exciting or spectacular. It is a pretty bit of road, rounding a rocky corner of the farm and leading past the old house under cool depths of maple shade, out again into a broad space of sunlight, dropping over a little hill, around a curve, and out of sight. I know it well, of course, every rock and flower of it, but its final appeal to me is not through its beauty, it is not even through my sense of ownership in it; it is simply that it is a Road—a road that leads out of Everywhere into Everywhere Else, a road that goes on. About a road that ends there is no glamour. It may be pretty or useful, but as a road it is a failure. For the Road is the symbol of endless possibility. From the faintest footpath across a meadow, where as a child one has always felt that some elf or gnome *may* appear, or along which, if one were to wander with sufficient negligence, one *might* be led into the realm of faerie, to the broad turnpike which fares through open country, plunges through the surging cities, and escapes to broad lands beyond —any path, any road, makes this appeal. And so long as one has faith that what may be is more than what is, so long as one has the buoyant patience to await it or the will to go forth and seek it, so long as one has the imagination and the heart of the wayfarer, the charm of the Road will be potent.

THE MIRACLE WORSHIPER

BY CHARLES OTIS JUDKINS

NOT long since I was faced in my church chapel by one of those glib, weak-chinned, wide-eyed young Americans who profess to have a special spiritual insight. In an eager sort of way he caught me by the lapel and wanted to know if I believed in the omnipotence of God. I told him that I believed in the God who could limit himself by law, for humanity's good, and that to my mind such limitation was the highest evidence of omnipotence. He said, "Don't you believe if your faith were great enough you could remove mountains by prayer?" I waited for a moment, and he continued excitedly, "If the Christians had the faith they once had, we could get together at the base of French Mountain and pray it into Lake George." Here is a miracle worshiper, and it seems to me that his failure to appreciate Eastern forms of speech and his willingness to couple prayer with great contracts for excavating the earth have about as much connection as the thought of the little boy who remarked, "My father is not a Democrat, he is a Presbyterian."

The majority of the readers of this article will agree in this judgment of this man's wits, and will own that his wisdom and his faith are those of a weakling who can't, or won't, think or act; but when I say that hundreds of thousands of church members and a great mass of ministers are taking just as foolish an attitude toward the salvation of men as this fellow's miracle-obsessed mind has assumed toward the removal of mountains, they will disagree.

The Church of yesterday is demanding that God should do his work twice, and that it should be excused from the performance of its own simple duty. Forgetting that Jesus said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth," they still hold to the narrow notion that the awakening of a soul must be in one psychological form; that the child must be allowed to grow up without being told that from its birth it is a child of God, and made every day a little more conscious of the immanence of God in its life and around it; that in this ignorance it must come to a specially planned gathering of men where it may be awakened by a miraculous intervention to the fact that it has a godly nature.

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This is the great form of miracle worship in the Church now, and it is nothing but the perseverance of a custom after the reason for that custom has ceased to exist.

We are in a new light to-day, and we are responsible to live up to its revelation. That light distinctly shows us that the great ideal for the Christian Church is the educational ideal, and that for us to refuse to think out the educational method, and put it into practice for the generation of spiritual life, and to wait for the miraculous regeneration of tainted spiritual life, is just as childish as to couple the overturning of French Mountain into Lake George with prayer. The miracle worshiper is ignorant of the inborn spiritual nature of the child, and he is so stubborn about it that, if he knew, he would be unwilling to own that there could be another method of awakening the human soul to a realization of its likeness to God than the one method with the idea of which the mind of the Church has so long been obsessed.

The way to go at the removal of French Mountain would be to make a contract with an excavating company, raise funds for its payment, and have it removed. That is the only way God would have it done, and the prayers of the universe would not get it done in any other way. When Jesus said, "Man shall live by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God," he frankly stated that the whole law must be obeyed, and the law that covers the removal of French Mountain is the law of pick, spade, steam shovel, and the contracting company.

If the Church of Christ proposes to save this generation, it is running in the face of failure to refuse the educational method and its complete application to the child. If the children are allowed to grow up without the knowledge of God, and are then turned over to the hands of the miracle worshiper, not one in a thousand will ever intimately feel the sense of the Infinite Spirit; and those who do not experience conversion will become the most unwieldy, ungenerous faction in the Christian Church. Now and then one such man is broad-minded, wholesome, and helpful. In general they are censorious, narrow, selfishly critical, and unbearable in their religious egotism.

Study for a moment the way the law of God will work if the Church of Christ will let it work. To-day a little one is born. To-morrow some finely cultured worker in your church (probably your kindergartner) secures that little one's name for the Cradle Roll, has a visit with the mother, gives her encouragement about her child's religious life, and turns the mind of the mother and the father toward the church for the child's sake. In a few months the pastor, who knows child life, visits that home, and by the act of infant baptism dedicates two forces—the life of the child to the cause of Christ and the lives of the parents to the proper Christian culture of the child. At three years of age the child comes into the church kindergarten, and, by that most beautiful and eternal of all forms of teaching the story, has implanted in its absolutely sinless little life the whole Word of God in ways it will never forget and will always deeply love and cherish. Up into the sixth and seventh years that little child grows in the Christian Church; and later, when the minister is forming a class of children to be taken into the church and asks such ones if they want to be members of the church, in nine cases out of ten the answer will be, "Why, I am a Christian; I have always belonged to the Church." They are Christians, and they have always belonged to the Church!

If now, through the delicate adolescent years, the Church can be a tender foster-mother of the families and the growing children, into adulthood they will come, long-standing, cultured Christians, aware of God and sure of their faith in God; and in the after days that long-continued awakening process will prove its value by a certain splendid quality of religious life.

And still I suppose the Church will go on for another generation ordering God to throw French Mountain into Lake George, believing that he would if their faith were strong enough, and wondering why he doesn't; and still I suppose the Church will go on for another generation refusing to do the fine, constant, watchful work of rearing Christian characters, and will pray on in vain for God to save men by corrective methods, after neglect has done its work. Isn't it pitiful that custom will so long persevere after its reason for being has gone?

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MAGIC

BY EDMUND L. PEARSON

YOU took rose leaves—fresh rose leaves—and mixed them with brown sugar. Then you wrapped them in a leaf from a grape-vine, and buried the whole business in the ground. You let them stay for three days. At the end of that time you dug them up and ate them; ate them with rapture known only to those who have eaten this particular delicacy. For to the natural fragrance of the rose leaves and the nourishing and delicious properties of brown sugar, that interval of three days in the warm earth had added a new quality. A mysterious alchemy had been at work and transformed the mixture into something exquisite—a dish to be envied by great kings and sultans. It had about it odors of the East; savors of Araby the blest.

So said Ed Mason's older brother, Billy. And he was nearly thirteen. He did not use all the words which I have used to describe the taste of the rose-leaf compound. He merely said it was "bully." That was enough for us—that, and the charm of the operation itself. He had tried it many times in the far-off days of his youth; and now we set out to make some for ourselves.

The rose leaves were easy to get. We had only to climb over the fence and we were in Auntie Merrill's garden. Auntie Merrill was old and she seldom came into the garden. She had no one with whom to share it; and the roses budded, bloomed, and dropped their petals unheeded to the path. From this path we gathered some; but it is likely that others were induced, with little effort, to leave the full-blown flowers a day or two in advance of their natural fall.

Roses are beautiful things even to boys of eight or nine, but æsthetic considerations must give way before the stern, practical demands of life. We debated whether red or yellow roses were most likely to give good results. At last we decided to combine the two colors, and a tempting mixture they made. We put the leaves in my hat, and climbed the fence again into the Masons' back yard.

The next ingredient was brown sugar. Here, again, the matter was simple. A barrel of the pleasing substance lived in a certain dim passage leading from Ed Mason's mother's pantry. It was dark, moist, and a joy forever. It had the crawly habit peculiar to brown sugar, and it came away (when questing hands were plunged into the barrel) in lumps that filled the mouth and turned the cares of life to vanity and unimportance. With it, during the hard days of vacation, we frequently restored our wasted tissues.

The rose leaves were left to themselves while we made a reconnaissance in force toward the place of the sugar barrel. The enemy (one Nora Sullivan, a desperate character) was reported as engaged in washing dishes in the kitchen. She neglected to station any outposts, so her carelessness was our advantage. We made the customary investigation for a large gray rat—supposed, since a time to which the mind of man runneth not back, to dwell behind the barrel. As usual, he was found missing. We seized the sugar and retired in discretion and stickiness to the yard. There we mixed the rose leaves and the sugar. From the vine that grew on the side of the woodshed we picked a large leaf. This was the vine that furnished leaves to be worn inside our hats to prevent sunstroke on hot days. No one knows how many sunstrokes we escaped by means of those grape leaves. We wrapped the red and yellow petals, well covered with sugar, in the grape leaf, and secured it with straws and blades of grass. No creeping worm nor brisk beetle was to partake of this food of the gods.

Next came the rite of burial. There was no doubt that the leaf and its contents must be buried in Auntie Merrill's garden. That was the scene of all mysteries, and the only place where our cache would be reasonably secure from Ed Mason's sister Louise and her friend Jessie Plummer. These were high matters, too great for the feminine intellect. Also, of course, we had Auntie Merrill to consider. A place must

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be found where she would not come poking around.

Ed spoke of the little patch of ground back of the lily-of-the-valley bed. I thought the earth too damp at that spot. But he argued that the brown sugar belonged to his mother (which was certainly true), and that the recipe had been furnished by his brother Billy. From these facts he reasoned that his choice of a spot ought to prevail. I succumbed to the force of this argument, and we began to excavate back of the lily bed. With shingles (procured from men who were shingling Dr. Macey's barn) we dug the pit and covered the grape leaf with earth. Then, after driving away a prowling cat (who probably recollected funeral services performed over deceased robins in that very garden), we climbed the fence once more and set out to endure the weary interval of three days. It was then Monday morning, and ten o'clock. Not until Thursday at the same hour could we unearth the treasure. Billy had said so. Three days were required, no more and no less. At the end of that time, to the minute, the magic forces that dwelt in the earth would have effected the change, and what we buried as simple brown sugar and the petals of roses would come forth in a new form—a form to make epicures sigh with content.

We walked up the yard, by the woodshed, past the apple tree and the clothes-jack, and out to the street. But something had happened. A thick black cloud had descended and covered us. A few minutes before the sun was shining gloriously, and we stood on the mountain peak of action and expectancy. Now it had all come to an end; the rose leaves were buried, and before us in all their hideous length and tediousness stretched those three days. Three days! Three years rather! The face of the heavens was darkened and we wandered in gloom. We made an effort of cheerfulness and started for the pond with a view to catching lucky-bugs. But we abandoned this almost immediately, and decided to hunt up Jimmy Toppan, who lived next door. Then we remembered that Jimmy had gone to his grandmother's farm in the country for the whole day. By this time the pall that overhung us had become deeper and more insufferable.

We turned the corner of the street and gazed drearily at Dr. Macey's barn and the men at work on its roof. The old shingles were coming down with a clatter, and the pungent odor of the new ones filled the air. Perhaps there was hope in shingles! We remembered that it takes but few strokes of a jackknife, a little cutting and boring, to convert a shingle into a boat. It only needs pointing at the bows and rounding at the stern, the insertion of a mast and the fitting of a paper sail—half an old envelope will do. The boats thus fashioned would sail half across the pond—until stuck in the lily-pads.

We chose two shingles and began to whittle. But there was no salt in it. Our minds wandered, and after a few moments Ed dropped his shingle, closed his knife, and put it in his pocket. He said he was going in the barn to look for mice. About the chutes which let grain into the stalls mice were known to linger. Once I had caught one in my hand, a feat which I instantly regretted, for the mouse bit my finger and made his escape in short order. Since that time the pursuit of the common drab mouse had been considered a pastime not without the charm of danger and the risk of bloodshed. But now the mention of mice only brought my thoughts back—as if they needed bringing!—to the subject that possessed us both.

"Do you think you drove that old cat away?" I asked abruptly.

Ed understood immediately; I did not need to specify the cat. "I dunno," he said; "she may be foolin' round now. P'r'aps we ought to go and see."

"Let's," I replied quickly.

We crossed the street, cut across the Toppans' back yard, and then, by a certain fence route, well understood and prescribed for all important occasions, entered Auntie Merrill's garden. A cat slunk off between the box hedges and a robin flew hurriedly from the fence to the apple tree where he had his nest of mud and dried grass. He uttered three or four excited notes as he flew. The sunlight of a morning in late June fell in patches on the paths, the hedges, and the flower-beds. The rose-bushes dropped their petals, and the syringa moved in the breeze. That was a garden! It had

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old-fashioned flowers—snapdragons, portulacas (now in full blaze in the sun), and hollyhocks—in the days before old-fashioned flowers became new-fashioned again. Orioles hunted their food in the fruit trees to carry it back to their hanging nests in the elms that shaded the street near by. It was firefly-haunted at night, and we used to run up and down the paths and try to catch the fireflies in our hats. It was full of long, mysterious vistas, overgrown shrubs breaking in on the paths, and valuable hiding-places. Plums grew there, and pears and cherries and peaches. When, on rare occasions, Auntie Merrill walked slowly down the path, she appeared to be totally unaware that Indians, highway robbers, pirates, cowboys, spies, scouts, and other ruffians were dogging her footsteps from bush to bush. We always thought it best to keep an eye on her.

It is a perfectly safe place to-day. Auntie Merrill is dead; the shrubs are trimmed, the hedges cut down, the paths covered with asphalt, and the whole garden a dismal spectacle of precision, order, and expensive simplicity.

But on the morning when we returned to look after our buried rose leaves no one had dreamed of these miserable improvements. Keeping well down below the hedge, we reached the lilies-of-the-valley without encountering any opposition. The place of burial was inspected and the earth searched for tracks. None appeared. Then we stood over the spot and meditated. A lilac bush sheltered us from inquisitive persons in the house.

Finally Ed Mason spoke. "I wonder how they're getting on," he said.

"I wonder!" said I.

Then there was another pause. I poked my foot among the lilies where we had concealed the shingles we had used as trowels. They were waiting for Thursday morning.

Ed spoke again. "Let's dig 'em up and look at 'em!"

Already I was fishing for the shingles.

In half a minute we had brought the grape leaf once more to the light of day. We unfastened it and gazed upon its contents. It was a quarter past ten. Fifteen minutes had passed since we buried the mixture.

"Don't you suppose they're done?" I queried.

Ed's only reply was to take a pinch between his fingers and convey it to his mouth. I did the same. Then we ate the whole lot. It tasted—and on this point I will pledge my word—it tasted exactly like rose leaves and brown sugar!

MEXICO AND CHINA

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

OUR diplomacy has recently been concentrated on two regions, Latin America and the Far East. Particularly interesting, therefore, is the American whose relations with both regions have been intimate—John Watson Foster, lawyer, soldier, editor, diplomatist. In the last-named capacity he spent several years as Minister to Mexico, a year as Minister to Russia, and two years as Minister to Spain. He was Special Plenipotentiary in the negotiation of treaties with Brazil, Spain, Germany, and the British West Indies. He succeeded James G. Blaine as Secretary of State (1892–1893), and then was United States Agent in the Bering Sea Arbitration Tribunal at Paris. Invited by the Emperor of China at the close of the Chino-Japanese War, he participated as American adviser in the peace negotiations with Japan; later he was our Special Ambassador to Great Britain and Russia, later still he became a member of the Anglo-Canadian Commission, and in 1903 was United States Agent at the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal in London. Long a trusted adviser of the Chinese Government, he represented that Government at The Hague as one of its delegates to the

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second Peace Conference. He has thus held important commissions under every President except Johnson, from Lincoln to Roosevelt. He is the author of a number of authoritative and valuable volumes on diplomacy, namely, "The Practice of Diplomacy," "American Diplomacy in the Orient," "A Century of American Diplomacy," and "Arbitration and the Hague Court." To them he now adds his "Diplomatic Memoirs."[1] By an interesting coincidence the volumes appear at the same time with "American Foreign Policy," by an anonymous author.[2] Its every chapter is worth reading. The book is both interesting and suggestive. At times the anonymous author discloses an almost youthful vivacity of style, united to a sharpness of vision and ripeness of judgment which could hardly come save from many acute observations at first hand, together with a certain amount of actual experience in the diplomatic service.

General Foster begins his memoirs with the year 1872, when he entered upon diplomatic work. His first office was doubly difficult, for he went to no settled country or government. Following Emperor Maximilian's execution, Mexico was still in a condition of unrest and insecurity. Indeed, Mr. Foster found himself accredited to a non-existent government. The recognition of the Diaz régime by our State Department was delayed. The diplomatist's skill was put to a severe test. But on such an unstable foundation he laid the basis of our present good understanding. First of all, he learned Spanish. He was one of our first Ministers to Latin America to realize the value of a knowledge of the language of the country. Would that his successors had acted as he did in this matter! Speaking of General Foster, one of the Mexican papers said: "It is very gratifying to the Mexicans to have him respond . . . in his social intercourse with the people in their own language;" and when he left the country, after seven years of service, Government, press, and people united in giving him evidence of their appreciation of his labors. Such was the foundation of friendship laid by tactful diplomatic dealings a generation ago, at the beginning of the Diaz régime, a friendship cemented the other day by the meeting of Presidents Taft and Diaz on the Mexican frontier, a friendship which has now opened the way for the peaceful residence in Mexico of thousands of our people and for the investment there of at least seven hundred million dollars of our money.

The Minister to Mexico has now become Ambassador. He well deserves the higher title. The scope of duty upon our representative at the Mexican capital really outruns the geographical limits of the Mexican state. But in the future he may deserve yet a higher title. For, both economically and politically, as the author of "American Foreign Policy" pertinently points out, we need to cultivate Mexico as never before. Not only have we an unparalleled number of citizens living in the country and an unparalleled amount of money invested in the country, but on our relations with Mexico and the Mexican people really depend our relations with *all* Latin America. This has been particularly brought out during the recent Nicaraguan imbroglio. As the author of "American Foreign Policy" well says:

> The capacity of Mexico as a modern state is a problem that deeply concerns us, not only because it is a neighboring country wherein we have extensive interests, but because of the Central American republics. In the past we have protected these from Mexican encroachments, and even less could we permit a change in their status now that they have assumed an altogether new importance by reason of the Panama Canal. Their strategic position, commanding its northern approaches on both the Caribbean and the Pacific, is too great not to impose on our policy the desirability of continuing the present system of small independent states, practically under our protection and over whom we are able to exert influence when necessary. The alternative would be their union with Mexico in what under a strong dictator might become a powerful nation, possibly antagonistic to our policies and able to invoke the intervention of foreign powers. This danger can be effectually prevented only by guaranteeing their present independence, a measure in line with our policy of years. . . . The southern limit of the United States is no longer the Rio Grande, but the Panama Canal, and, although our territory is not unbroken, our influence should be.

Whatever our success in dealing with the Mexicans and theirs in dealing with

[1] "Diplomatic Memoirs." By John W. Foster. In 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.
[2] "American Foreign Policy." By a Diplomatist. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

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us, we are coming to realize more and more that its foundation is due not so much to any action taken by the present Administration at Washington as to the far-sightedness, tact, and energy of such spokesmen of earlier administrations as were James G. Blaine, John W. Foster, and Elihu Root. Their vision and their policy outran the vision of the great body of our people. While Mr. Root's service is not only the latest but the most vital of all, it is well to recall Mr. Blaine's also, particularly as the earlier statesman has been subjected to so many superficial and "snap" judgments. He exhibited his protagonism of our greater intimacy with Mexico and Latin America in two directions. Politically he showed it by pushing to a successful conclusion the first Pan-American Congress; on his initiative that Congress was held in 1889 at Washington. Economically, he showed his interest by fathering the scheme for a Pan-American railway. Since his day much of it has been built and the whole route surveyed, from Guatemala to Terra del Fuego. It is indeed true, as Mr. Foster is careful to say, that—

> Mr. Blaine's management of our foreign relations was in many respects a success, and added to his fame. Possessed of such brilliant qualities and such restless energy, his conduct of affairs could not be otherwise than noteworthy. . . . In my relations with the Department of State during his incumbency, I had a difficult part to act in preserving the confidence and esteem of both President Harrison and himself, especially when the tension between them became more and more acute. Mr. Blaine was very partial to his friends, nor was he of a suspicious nature, and during his entire term and up to his death I maintained with him the most friendly and cordial relations. When I was nominated as his successor by President Harrison, he was among the first to send his congratulations.

Now as to China. While there is not a dull page in General Foster's "Memoirs," the text is enlivened by the insertion of letters written from China and elsewhere by Mrs. Foster. These letters have a woman's directness, incisiveness, atmosphere. Take, as example, the description of China's "grand old man," Li-Hung-Chang, when the Fosters first met him at Shanghai:

> After they were all seated at the table we looked at them through the door and heard the conversation, which was very amusing. I give some of the questions the Viceroy asked your father. (He had already asked about his age, his occupation, and the offices he had filled when he was at the yamen.) He asked "if he lived in a palace," and "how many rooms it had;" if he "was a rich man;" did he "have landed estates;" "how much money he could make in a year;" "how long would Mr. Cleveland be President," and added that he hoped your father "would be the next President of America." The conversation was quite prolonged, and before they rose from the table your father told him that his wife was with him, and he would like to present her and Mrs. Read (the Consul's wife) to his Excellency. It seems that presenting ladies to a high Chinese official is quite a novel thing, and it was uncertain how he would receive the suggestion, as Mrs. Grant and one or two other foreign ladies were the only ones he had met; but he said he would be delighted to see us, and we were all ready in the parlor when they came in, and we were immediately presented. He asked if I knew "Lady Grant," "was she well;" and then your father presented the girls, when, to our surprise, he said, "Will the ladies come to the banquet I am going to give Mr. Foster on his return from Peking?" We of course said we should be delighted and highly honored. He has never invited ladies before to a banquet, so you see how progressive he is and how fortunate we are!

In 1894 the Chinese Government invited General Foster to act as its legal adviser in the peace negotiations closing the Chino-Japanese War. After consultation with Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State, Mr. Foster accepted. The Japanese Government promptly and officially announced satisfaction with the Chinese Government's selection. In Mr. Foster's account of the negotiations occurs the following specimen of Oriental courtesy. The speakers were Prince (then Marquis) Ito and Li-Hung-Chang:

Ito. I was born here.

Li. What, in this district? How far from here?

Ito. About twenty miles.

Li. Then this is the birthplace of famous men.

Ito. But not to be compared with the Province of Anhui in China (the birthplace of the Viceroy).

Li. Anhui resembles this province, but produced too many unsuccessful officials.

Ito. Say rather you would have surpassed me.

Li. What you have done for Japan I wanted to imitate in China. Had you been in my place you would know the unspeakable difficulties met with in China.

Ito. There I should have failed.

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Largely due to Mr. Foster's services to the Chinese Government as its American adviser, friendly relations have been maintained between the people of the Flowery Kingdom and ourselves. General Foster is thus probably in a better position than is any other statesman accurately to judge of the relative values of the men whose deeds have affected the relations between the two countries. When, therefore, he uses the following language in describing John Hay's greatest international act, the words are impressive:

> His most conspicuous and important achievement as Secretary of State was his attitude respecting the autonomy of China. At the critical moment, when the rapacious seizure of territory by the Great Powers of Europe and the Boxer uprising seemed to indicate the dissolution and dismemberment of the great Empire, Mr. Hay stepped forward with his magnanimous proposition for its autonomy, and unexpectedly won the support of the Powers. It was he who first proposed to release China from the American share of the enormous indemnity exacted at the point of the bayonet. He did not live to consummate that proposal, but when the Chinese Minister after his death called President Roosevelt's attention to it, the President assured him it should be carried out, "for," said he, "I know it was near to John Hay's heart."

Mr. Foster frankly adds that John Hay was not the type of John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Marcy, Seward—hard-headed lawyers and experienced politicians. Nevertheless our author points out that Mr. Hay brought to the discharge of his duties qualities which no one of the four statesmen mentioned possessed:

> His literary genius adorned and made sparkling his despatches and addresses; his association with the best social circles of Europe and America gave a polish to his intercourse not always possessed by the occupant of that office; and his wit, vivacity, and acquaintance with the European languages made him a favorite in the diplomatic circle. His spirit of equity and generous dealing with other nations was of the highest type. The announcement he made in one of his New York speeches that the Golden Rule was the standard of diplomacy observed by the Department of State was not an empty boast.

So much for history. What of the future? After such a culminating deed of friendship as that of John Hay, it ought not to be difficult for us to continue to be the leader among China's friendly advisers. Foremost among nations is America in defending "China for the Chinese." Have we not saved her land from being partitioned among the Powers? Have we not protected her commercial, territorial, and administrative integrity? Has not our friendship been manifested since then, especially in times of famine and flood? Has not our desire to do rightly by China been shown in the recent betterment of our consular and diplomatic service there, especially in our creation of a body of student interpreters? As the author of "American Foreign Policy" says, future consuls in the Far East should be recruited from these interpreters. He does not hesitate to point out, however, we are glad to note, that the humiliation imposed upon the Chinese in America by the interpretation of our immigration laws caused a boycott of our goods in Asia. Hence, and in any event, as our critic declares, with China as with Japan, tactful means should be found to accomplish, in a manner less offensive to Oriental dignity, the results demanded by representatives from the Pacific States. In this connection it is a pleasure to recall the efforts of ex-Secretary Straus, who, by his order of 1907 defining the meaning of the word "student," did something to convince the Chinese that the American Government was really their friend. With much pertinence, the author of "American Foreign Policy" points out that it should be the constant object of our diplomacy to avoid uniting China and Japan by furnishing them with a common grievance.

Our policy in China and the Far East is harder to carry out than is our policy with regard to Mexico and Latin America, for the Nation finds itself limited by certain existing factors imposed by labor conditions. Over these diplomacy seems at times to have but feeble control.

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THE NEW BOOKS

A year ago the biography of Richard Mansfield by Paul Wilstach was here reviewed. "The Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," by William Winter, now appears in two handsome volumes, profusely and valuably illustrated, chiefly by portraits of the subject of the biography. Mr. Winter makes use of all his exceptional knowledge and critical ability, and achieves a notable success. His estimate of Mansfield's personality is impartial, yet through it all glows the constant affection of a loyal friend. As Mr. Winter was authorized by the actor to write his life, it is presumable that the biographical facts are beyond question. The restless, imaginative, often ill-tempered artist was frequently in the wrong in his contests with rivals and even with his friends. Some of Mr. Winter's letters to him show that he did not spare the feelings of his friend if he felt that a question of justice was involved; but as a rule Mansfield's affection overcame his irritation, and his acceptance of rebuke is almost boyish in its submission. Mr. Winter is quite appallingly frank in publishing some of Mansfield's impulsive outbursts against the men with whom he was associated, but it is exactly this candor that completes the picture and gives extraordinary value to the analysis of character. Mansfield's letters show him to have been as moody and prejudiced as his detractors constantly assert, but they also reveal a man of deep affections, generous impulses, high ambition, and a sincere reverence for his art. The first volume is devoted to the life of Mansfield; the second gives a critical estimate of his art, in the forceful, picturesque style of which Mr. Winter is so great a master. He declares Mansfield to have been "one of the most extraordinary, versatile, and, above all, interesting actors that ever graced our stage." Mr. Winter analyzes his conception and presentation of his plays, criticising adversely the selection of some of them and commending with enthusiasm the consummate art with which he presented others. It is a temptation to quote some of Mr. Winter's phrases. Writing of Mansfield's rendering of Beaucaire, he commends a certain change, saying, "The lofty self-control of a sobered lover (and most lovers, whether male or female, eventually become sober) is a fine thing to read about, but it would be a gelid thing to see; and upon any theatrical audience such a spectacle would fall like a wet blanket. . . . In Beaucaire Mansfield added a bright and welcome figure to the stage, though he attained his greatest heights in characters of mind and imagination." The portraits of Mansfield, in character and merely "as a gentleman," are valuable additions to the book. His industry and capacity for hard work are evident when we learn that in about twenty-two years he produced twenty-seven plays, and, counting Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde as two, he acted twenty-eight parts. He died in his fifty-fourth year, and as Mr. Winter sums up his life he says: "His career, while it was one of prodigious labor and of much trial and vicissitude, was one also of varied enterprise, striking novelty, and intrepid and brilliant exploit." (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $6.)

About this time of the year there is always talk about "summer novels," and it is sorrowful to add that thereby are usually meant stories too light, aimless, and inartistic to be worth looking at, unless it be in hot weather. Now the real summer story should be quite a different thing. One should carry away for vacation reading a novel of goodly length, that it may not be done with before vacation has really begun; of pervasive and persuasive humor, that it may entertain a mind above the cheaply comic; of gentle flow in narrative, for the merely sensational gives no lasting pleasure; above all, a story whose characters are so real and friendly that the reader is content to spend his vacation's leisure hours in their company. Just such a book is "Nathan Burke," by Mary S. Watts. It has a story, but it is told without hurry or claptrap; it touches the history of the Middle West before the Civil War, but the history is a background rather than the chief thing in view. It assuredly has humor, but of the quiet rather than the boisterous kind. It is, in short, a cheerful reflex of the doings and sayings of Ohio town and country life a half-century or more ago, with a manly hero, and about him a group of well-presented and well-contrasted girls and boys, men and women. The Mexican War and its political effects furnish some of the story material, but in the main the novel is human rather than historical. The reader who wants to begin and finish a story on a day's railway journey will perhaps hesitate to undertake a six-hundred-page book, but there has undoubtedly been a recent reversion of taste toward the leisurely and circumstantial manner in fiction, and Mrs. Watts responds well to the only test for this kind of writing—that is, the reader's interest, once engaged, does in fact continue throughout, increasing rather than abating as the story slowly unfolds and its persons become more and more agreeable or pathetic realities. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

It is with keen regret that we must say good-by to Morris Mowgelewsky and Sadie Gonorowsky, either as Little Citizens or as Little Aliens. Their friend and interpreter, Myra Kelly, will tell us no more the funny, pathetic stories of their lovin' feelings and comical mistakes. The collection of tales entitled "Little Aliens" is in some ways more ambitiously planned than those preceding it, and just so far it is not quite as perfect. Still, in spite of some rather improbable plots, the children of the East Side are just as engaging as ever. They chatter

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their "near-English" and carry out their queer misunderstandings of our American ideas as solemnly as ever. One of the best stories concerns the rebellion of Miss Bailey's class of First Readers when they were promoted to another room and left their dear teacher behind. Being convinced that the Principal had decided that Miss Bailey was not smart enough to be promoted, they succeeded in returning to her care. The ancient grandmother of Isidore Applebaum was interpreted as saying, encouragingly, "You don't have to care what nobody says over how you is smart or how you ain't smart. She says that don't make nothings mit her the whiles you is lovin' mit childrens." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

It is with peculiar satisfaction that a new book by Anne Douglas Sedgwick is opened. One is certain to find a finished art, a tempered spirit, and a keen intellectual strength in all that comes from her pen. "Franklin Winslow Kane" is no disappointment. One of the two women about whom the story revolves is tellingly described as only "a well-educated nonentity with, for all coherence and purpose in life, a knowledge of art and literature and a helpless feeling for charm." This woman, who, by the author's art, we begin by liking and only gradually come to a real knowledge of her lacks, is engaged to an Englishman who possesses "charm," and is spoken of by a frank English spinster as a pleasant creature but very selfish. To balance these two we have a truly charming English girl and a very remarkable "drab-colored" American whose name gives the title to the book. The subtle reaction of character upon character, of worldly circumstance upon action, is perfectly traced, and we follow the lead of the author with a pleasure that refreshes the mind and awakens sincere admiration for her skill. We cannot help suspecting that the author saw through Althea Jakes, the nonentity, and gave her her dreadful name because she could not truly admire her. (The Century Company, New York. $1.50.)

A richly interesting autobiography is Dr. Jessup's "Fifty-three years in Syria." In 1855 Mr. Jessup and his young wife sailed for Smyrna in a three-hundred-ton bark freighted with New England rum and eight missionaries. From then till now half-Christian America has been exporting darkness and light to Asia, and the light has been gaining on the darkness. The story of the gain is told in these volumes. The best-selling book to-day in Syria and Egypt is the Bible in Arabic, one fruit of the Syrian Mission from its Beirut press, recognized by all scholars as the best Arabic press in the world. The one international college in the Levant is the Protestant College at Beirut, opened in 1866—another fruit of the Syrian Mission. In Syria, as elsewhere, Protestant missionaries have been the pioneers of Western civilization. From a wretched mediæval town Beirut has been transformed into a flourishing modern city. The villages for a hundred miles along the Lebanon Range show "beautiful homes with tiled roofs, glass fronts, and marble floors." The pioneers and their heroic toil and patience in foundation work till after the turning-point in the frightful massacre year, 1860, are fitly and lovingly commemorated by Dr. Jessup. One of them, Dr. Jonas King, was appointed United States consular agent, but that did not secure him from imprisonment. American had not then become the name of honor in the East that it is now. The story of the growing work during its darker and its brighter years is well colored with personal reminiscences, experiences in trying situations, anecdotes of peculiar people, humorous incidents, and tragic events. For his Syrian Mission Dr. Jessup refused tempting offers of important positions at home, and declined President Arthur's proposal to appoint him our Minister to Persia. He has been a maker of history. His example is an inspiration. Since this last sentence was written, word has come from Beirut that Dr. Jessup has passed away. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $5.)

Ephraim is still joined to his idols. They are of various categories and degrees. Some are educational idols. Among them is that very evident idol of certain university men—that their university should be always reflecting the public, and that it should be continually figuring in the public eye. To this idol, in his just published "Idols of Education," Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, pays his respects. Another idol he entitles "The Academic Market-Place," a sobriquet for "quick returns." Another very common idol, of course, is pedantry. Another is the elective system; another discipline, and so forth. The result of the worship of these idols is that the graduates of our colleges and universities are characterized by lack of information, lack of grasp, and lack of culture. Most interesting of all are Professor Gayley's "Idols of My Own," for his idols seem like ideals. Carried out, they would radically and broadly change our present educational system. In the first place, Professor Gayley would differentiate our preparatory schools into industrial schools and academic schools. In the second place, he would provide bridges from one to the other. By such bridges the lad, beginning with the industrial school, yet developing an adaptability to the academic, may pass over to it; or the lad, beginning with the academic and either disclosing aptitude for the industrial or being compelled thereto, may prepare himself for it. In his programme for the academic schools—grammar and high schools—Professor Gayley would first of all economize time. We know how the German, French, and English educators economize time. "To object that American conditions are different from European is to beg the question." They are

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different, but the difference is in our favor. Again, "to urge that the American purpose is different is disingenuous;" the purpose is everywhere the same—to get ready for life. To do this Professor Gayley would have the best high schools take over the first two years' work now covered by our colleges. Let no one think, however, that he advocates an addition of years in time to the high school course; he is advocating an addition of achievement! The school-boy of sixteen, he contends, should be doing work now being done by the college beginner of eighteen years of age. We need not longer schooling but better. This gained, the high school, occupying the pupil from twelve to eighteen years of age, would comprise two periods: the introductory period would take pupils from the twelfth to the fifteenth year; the advanced period would carry them to the university. Professor Gayley would have the fifteen-year-old pupil equipped with the fundamentals of two foreign languages and the elements of a science, of mathematics, history, geography, and civil government. He would have the eighteen-year-old graduate enter the university equipped with three foreign languages and with a significant knowledge of history, mathematics, and science. Moreover, when the student enters the collegiate department of the university, he should choose between two systems. One would be a liberal introduction to vocational studies; the other a vocational discipline in liberal studies. If the boy has already resolved upon a career in law, or medicine, or theology, or engineering, he would enter upon a liberal vocational system; that is to say, vocational in outlook and aim but liberal in breadth and method. If, on the other hand, the boy has not yet chosen a career, he should enter upon a vocational discipline in liberal studies. Such is the attractive outline. Not every educator will agree to overthrow all his idols and take up all the Gayley ideals; indeed, there may be violent disagreement. Yet if people will only disagree violently enough, they will themselves set up by friction a thinking, an investigation, and a reform. To this end our author's arguments are put tersely and vivaciously. Even if the suggestive volume accomplishes no other purpose, it will keep readers awake while they read it. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 50 cents.)

The appearance of "The Roman Republic," from the pen of a Cambridge scholar, Mr. W. E. Heitland, may suggest to many the question asked by the author himself, "Is there room for another?" He seems to attribute little value to any such rewriting of Roman history as Signor Ferrero's, but the work of the Italian scholar has roused a fresh interest in the subject that is not yet satiated. The scope of the present work is wider and its specific aim more limited than Ferrero's story of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." It is a political study of the practical working of Roman institutions from their formative period to "the foundation of the Empire." In dating this from the time when Octavian became Augustus, Mr. Heitland pronounces for the traditional view, which Ferrero declares "ridiculous"—that Augustus aimed to make himself an autocrat, retaining the old republican forms merely as a mask of monarchy. Among the downward tendencies that gradually carried the republic under, the worship of wealth is prominently noted: "money, however got, was become the dominant influence;" laws to secure honest juries and suppress corrupt practice in elections became farcical; the thirty-five tribes constituting the popular Assembly were mere bribery-units. "The influence of capitalists" in public policy is the subject of over forty references in the index. It is left to the reader to draw the parallels between ancient and modern times by which Ferrero gives point to his narrative. A cautious writer, wary of stock-in-trade material, careful not to exceed the line of fact, the most important particular in which he finds it desirable to rewrite the history is the affair of Catiline, "a mere anarchist," Sallust's account of whose plottings modern research has discredited—"a fine man wasted," says Mr. Heitland, "if we lay stress on the attachment of his friends, and blame the age for his crimes." As to Cæsar, on the other hand, as related to the age, "the world has seen no better autocrat," and Ferrero's Cæsar seems "an utterly impossible figure." What things interested educated men in the half-century of stress and strain from Sulla to Augustus appear in its literature; the reviews given of Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus are specially instructive. On the other hand, we are reminded of the irreparable defectiveness of a history whose contemporary records are concerned solely with the interests of the propertied class from which they proceed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $10.)

"With the Professor" is a series of reflective essays by Grant Showerman, Professor of Latin Literature in the University of Wisconsin. They are not related except by the strong link of the author's temperament and style. The subjects are varied, but treated invariably from a certain angle. Common sense, some humor, an understanding of youth as seen through his instructor's eyes, and a pleasant rambling among more or less interesting thoughts make up the volume. The papers are collected from several periodicals in which they first appeared. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

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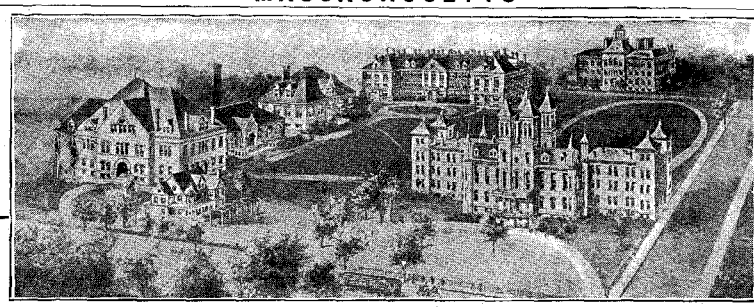

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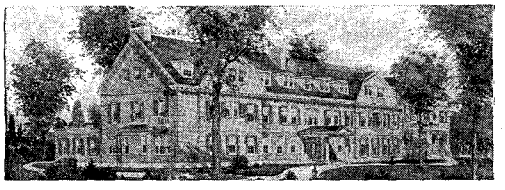

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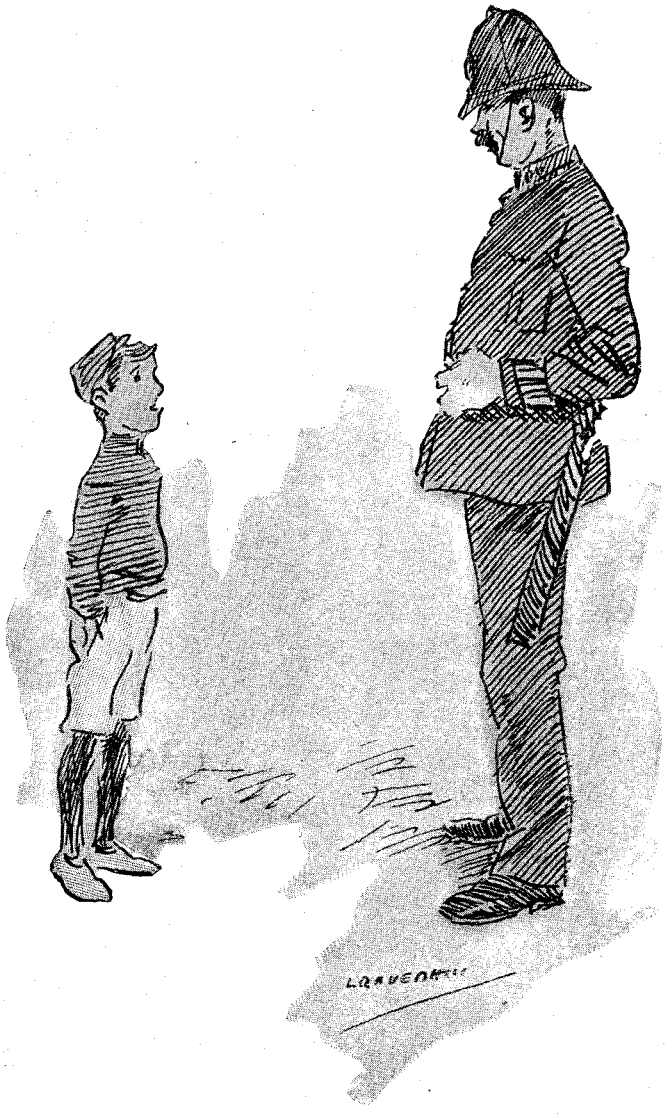

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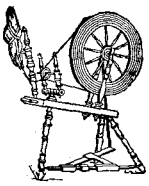

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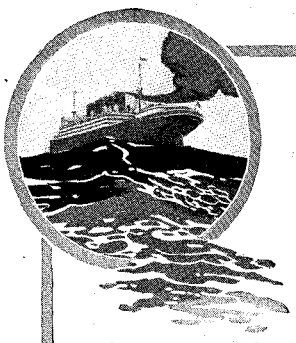

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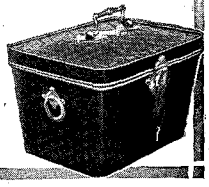

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